CHORUS

The International Crosby Circle presents

BING

ONE, TWO, BUTTON Put on your coat and hat;

IF I HAD MY WAY I play a game like wait-ing for you. THE COUNTRY GIRL

BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

ROAD TO MOROCCO

HERE IS MY HEART ree, four, heav-en's sake; ARTHUR'S COURT

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

WAIKIKI WEDDING

BLUE SKIES I count each step you take While I'm wait-ing for you. ROAD TO UTOPIA

ONLY FOREVER

GOING MY WAY

Edited by

FRANK MURPHY

Hon President; BING CROSBY

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incorporating
THE BRITISH CROSBY SOCIETY
founded 1950

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"CROZ - TALK"

Hello members,

This issue should be re-titled "The Cockermouth Special", for indeed we really have gone to town to cover the memorable events of the past months - So much has been written about these events that I will add no further comments except to mention for the benefit of thoseaddicts of the Daily Mail Book of Golden Records, that when John Maughan, Ken Robinson and I talked to Bing at the Trout Hotel onthe first of my visits there, on Monday August 29th, I presented Bing with a copy of this great work, with the clubs compliments - he was very impressed, and I have conveyed this news to the publishers.

Welcome now to Les Phythian, who takes up his old post as Disc and Movie Consultant, I expect big things from Les' pennings in the future - to Jack Osborne, who re-joins our Ballyhalbert Buddy, John Jones, and also to Jean Paul Frereault, who has accepted the post of French Canadian Correspondent - our team is growing stronger with each issue - we still need representation in many countries, and time will produce all our needs and requirements.

It was dissapointing to note the complete failure of three new photo stencils we planned for this issue - time did not permit replacment so we had to rely on some old standards - some great items have turned up for selections in the future, so watch out for some great photo pages in '67.

With so much to say, and so little space to say it in, I'll wind up my piece by thanking all the contributers to this bumper issue of BING - with this amount of excellent material coming my way for each issue, the members interest, as a whole, cannot fail to be sustained - keep up the good work contributers, we make a team worthy of our club slogan "BING, THE TOP MAGAZINE FOR THE CROSBY ENTHUSIAST" and justify the continued club expansion and members appreciation.....must close now, so read on, and let me know what you enjoy most, in this issue --regards, Frank.

KEITH HYDE's AUSTRALIAN ROUNDUP OF CURRENT CROSBYANA

PRESS:

Although generally speaking, Bing news and activities are rather quiet here in "Ausssie" at present, one never ceases to be amazed at the odd places and times his name crops up in our press. It was therefore with some surprise that I spied the headlines in the local district paper, THE NORTHCOTE LEADER recently;

BING CROSBY CABLES CONGRATULATIONS TO "MISS MELBOURNE DEBUTANTE" - I966.

One hundred debutantes were formally presented to Sir Kenneth and Lady Luke at the Royale Ballroom. The event was the largest debutante ball of the year and prize winners were announced by singing star JUNE BRONHILL.

The winner, Miss Margaret Ould of Plaisted St, Merlynston received a cable of congratulations from BING CROSBY who has invited her to visit him in Los Angeles.

Prizes were distributed through PRESIDENT JOHNSON, QUEEN SIRIKUT, PRINCESS GRACE, BING CROSBY, DANNY KAYE, PERRY COMO, FRED ASTAIRE and GREGORY PECK, which is rather distinguished company in any social register - I was however quick to notice that it was BING who got the headline and it was nice to know that Bing knows of our existance out here.

There have been some rather conflicting reports in the press recently concerning Bing - a few weeks ago the TV LISTENER-IN announced WILL BING GET OUT? Rumous are flying around the movie capitol that one of the screens most permanent fixtures, Bing Crosby is about to announce his retirement. The stories were no doubt sparked off by the Actor, Crooner, Businessman's announced withdrawal from a new movie, ROCKET TO THE MOON - - Despite denials fromhim "My bursitis was kicking up again, that's all and that's the truth" - The rumours continue.

Hollywood gossips note that Crosby's multi millions dollar business interests are taking up more and more of the old troupers time. Crosby made his fortune soon after the war when he began investing his earnings in the frozen orange business, since then his invcstments have reached into dozens of North American ventures.

If you've not already got it, rush out, and beg or borrow a copy of the July USA mag "Movie Life, it has a photo of Julie Andrews on the cover and a note "BING CROSBY'S LIFE IN PIX - it contains 43 great photos of Bing during various stages in his life and career PLUS a great full page photo of Bing and Harry Jn singing together on the HOLLYWOOD PALACE - Don't miss this great souvenir of Bing's 40 years in Show Biz. Frank is planning to re-produce this great photo with Bing and his son Harry in the next issue of BING.

TV....TV....TV...

Since my last report we have had a repeat showing of LITTLE BOY LOST on Melbourne television and also JUST FOR YOU, I believe this is the first showing of the latter film here in Melbourne.

RECORDS...RECORDS.

The only Bing issues since my last report have been re-issues of the BINGS'S HOLLYWOOD set of albums which have now been made available on Australian Festivals cheap label CALENDAR - the first two issues being EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN and PENNIES FROM HEAVEN. These are identical to BING 4 and BING 2 as issued in the U,K, and USA Decca DL4253 and DL4251 and identical to the Australian Festivals price 52/6, the new labels price is 29/6 (Aust) and the pressings are equally as good. Incidentally the complete set was not issued on Australian Festival, so it is hoped that the complete set will be issued on the new label

As promised in the last issue, here is a list of I2" L.P. 33⅓ RPM's available here

DL - 3I564.BING A MUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY(47/I954)
3I575.BING GOES HAWAIIAN
30373.THE SMALL ONE & THE HAPPY PRINCE
30II7.AMUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY (44/I947
30I93.A CHRISTMAS SING WITH BING
30244.AROUND THE WORLD WITH BING
30298.WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
30360.HAPPY ANNIVERSARY SONGS
30637.BING,A MUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY(4I/I944)
30638. " " " " (34/I94I)
304I0/4.BING A MUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY (5 record set)
CL - 3I7I4. THE EARLY BING SONGS FROM THE 30's
(S)DL-3I652/3. THE BEST OF BING (two record set)

DL - 3I399.DEAR OLD DONEGAL
30844.SWINGING ON A STAR
30I04.MY GOLDEN FAVOURITES
30235.DRIFING AND DREAMING
3036I.I'M AN OLD COW HAND
30395.THE FORTIES
30846.EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN
30913.EASY TO REMEMBER
30382.MERRY CHRISTMAS
30845.POCKETFUL OF DREAMS

Incidentally I have had some requests to list all L.P.'s and .E.P.'s available in Aust' with the titles on each album. As you can appreciate this is quite a mammoth task, but if sufficient interest is shown I could list a few in each issue of BING, Unfortunately Aust Festival do not produce a catalogue for LP's and EP's, the only reference being a retailers guide which is not on sale to the public, and the price is quite high - I have written to the company and requested that they put out a special list showing all of the BING EP's and L.P.'s available,for issue to the retailers for distribution to the public -They say the retailers already have lists of Bing discs for sale, but ignore the fact that these lists only show album titles, one has to refer to the retailers guide for this information.
The present 'take it or leave it' attitude of most of the record companies is to be deplored, their only real interest seems to be in the 'pops' top 40 teenager market which is dominated with the long haired, loud noised 'beat' groups.
The EMI group do however show some consideration to the more adult music lover and should be given full marks for this.

As the Bing scene is rather quiet over here at present, and, as Frank needs lots of space to cover the exciting events at U.K. Headquarters this time around, I'll sign off here -

Best regards to all - from "down under" - Keith.

from.....DOT HARDIMAN.....

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.....JULY I9th

Bing Crosby received word of the death of his brother Everett just after-after he finished taping his stint on the ANDY WILLIAMS SHOW

He said softly "We've been expecting it for a year, but when it happens, it's hard to take".

Andy and Tennessee Ernie Ford made Bing go on with them for dinner at the Villa Capri. Something nice happened there. A singer in the bar whom no one knew went to the piano and started playing PENNIES FROM HEAVEN....It was Everett's favorite of all the songs Bing ever sang. When Bing left, he went up to the man and said "Thanks - from me and Everett"

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This very fine story appeared in the May, 1966, "Good Housekeeping" (New York), to which we glady make grateful acknowledgement. The article was profusely illustrated with excellent colour photographs. The story also appeared in the "Sunday Citizen" in this country recently.

"THE GOOD NEW LIFE OF BING CROSBY"
An intimate and endearing look at a "living legend"
and his family.

By Barnaby Conrad, author of Matador and Death of Manolete

Today, Bing considers that by far his most important task is being an affectionate father to his three children.

Recently, I stood before the great oaken door of a Hillsborough, California, mansion with my box of paints and canvas. As I rang the bell, half expecting it to chime "When the Blue of the Night meets the Gold of the Day", I almost wished I hadn't come. I'm not sure why I was worried, since I've done dozens of famous people's portraits over the years from Sinclair Lewis to Manolete to Deborah Kerr to a princess of Greece. But Bing Crosby.....show people so frequently are very different from the warm, lovable characters they portray. I had heard much of Bing's business acumen - would he insist on being portrayed as the solid tycoon type? Or perhaps, to conform with this imposing house and vast gardens, as Squire Bing, posed in front of the fireplace? Or worse still, as Bing, the world-famous entertainer, about to burst into song - a portrait no more profound than a record album cover? What I wanted to convey was Bing the man, the person behind the best-known voice in the world.

Through the heavy door I could faintly hear that voice singing "The Breeze and I". The sound came closer and closer and soon the door was opened.

"Come on in," Bing said. Blue eyes under those much-caricatured heavy lids, looked out at me from a friendly, tanned, face. He was wearing a baggy pair of pants, a beat-up shooting coat and a green Tyrolean hat covered with shooting-club insignia. An old Parker shotgun that he was in the process of cleaning was cradled in one arm, and he was trailed by a muddy, black, Labrador retriever. Bing explained that he had just returned from hunting. Then he smiled and shook his head. "Couldn't hit the rear end of a cow with a plate of spinach today. Join us in a little oolong".

I followed him through the great hall, thinking how one always tends to imagine famous men as being taller than they really are. Bing is of medium height - and also leaner than one expects. He put the gun down on a side table and dropped his hat onto a Ming vase. In spite of the sparseness of his hair he looks amazingly youthful; he moves like a young man too.

Kathryn Crosby was in the library, an inviting room filled to the ceiling with books on every subject - books that look read. On the walls hung paintings by the great cowboy artist, Charlie Russell. Kathryn was wearing a costume she had been trying on for a George Bernard Shaw play she was to do in Chicago - an extravagant floral hat and an old-fashioned dress with a bustle. They added to her piquant beauty a theatrical flair and an elegance that would have pleased painter John Singer Sargeant. I told Kathryn I wanted to paint her in that costume. "Oh, lovely! And I have a Mary Poppins umbrella to go with it. But how are you going to do Bing? We have an attic full of paintings of him and not one of them is right." Before I could confess that I really didn't know how I was going to paint Bing, Fisher, the English butler, one of a staff of six, came in with the tea-tray. When Kathryn asked whether I took sugar or saccharin in my tea, I casually remarked that my wife had difficulty in finding saccharin in pill form. Bing obviously make a mental note, for the next day 500 saccharin pills arrived at our house, a typically considerate gesture of the kind I learned he is noted for.

"You're not going to make me wear my rug, I hope?" Bing said. "Haven't worn it except in front of a camera for 20 years." "Is it a lot of trouble?" I asked. He shrugged. "No. A toupee just seems kind of, well - affected."

Kathryn said, "You know, people have told me Bing is balding, but I wouldn't know - not since the first day I met him have I seen above those blue eyes. She blinked affection-

ately at him. "I do hope you can capture those eyes."

The children - Harry Lillis III, seven; Mary Frances, six; and Nathaniel Patrick, four - came home from school noisily, like any other children, and immediately headed for the library to pour out the daily happenings, homework problems, and excited chatter about a school play. A gentle reminder from Kathryn distracted them momentarily to say Hello to me. They are fine-looking children, with their mother's colouring and features. In a moment they were off with their pretty governess to play with the new puppies. The Crosby's then took me on a tour of the house to decide where their portraits should be painted.

Their house is a huge, light and airy one, with a warm, intimate feel to it. Kathryn proudly showed off their bedroom, which was lighted from glass cabinets containing her collection of Faberge flowers made of semiprecious minerals. And I was flattered to see a copy of one of my books on Bing's bedside table (though I suspect that was just another one of Bing's thoughtful gestures). The best light for painting turned out to be at a spot near the French doors in the living room, so I set up my easel there by the piano. (Bing himself doesn't play; he told me he can't read music, but that "if someone starts me out on the right note I can follow along pretty good.")

I was considefably intimidated by the paintings around the room - such masters as Corot, Vlaminck and Laurencin, but nevertheless, I resolutely squeezed my paints out onto the pallette. "Mr. Crosby," I began, "have you any ideas on how you'd like to be painted?" "Name's Bing," he said, "And you're the boss man on the brush. Just tell me what to wear and how to stand." I glanced up and suddenly saw the picture I wanted to paint. In our stroll through the house he had picked up the shotgun again and now he broke it open over his arm and resumed cleaning it with an oily rag. Remus, the big Labrador, had come in and sat at his feet. Bing casually put one foot up on a footstool. All we needed was the omnipresent pipe and the green hat. I told him so. "You mean you want to paint me in these old duds?" he asked with a chuckle. "O.K., you're the painter."

We worked for an hour and a half and Bing never broke the pose except to answer a phone call from Bob Hope (who wanted Bing to appear on his show) and another call from Bing's agent (who wanted to tell him he was slated as guest star on The Danny Thomas Show). Throughout the session Bing sang continuously - any kind of song, from snatches of Granada to King of the Road. Why the fact that he loves to sing should have come as a surprise to me I don't know, but it did.

Kathryn ducked in from time to time to make faces at him and check my progress. "Isn't he gorgeous? I'll bet you have a terrible time getting those eyes." So went the first session of a series that would last, for one reason or another, for almost a year. During that time, Bing and I saw a great deal of each other, our young wives became friends, and what with picnics, trips and shooting forays, a friendship was begun that I trust will continue for many years to come.

As we continued with the sittings it didn't take me long to learn a fact about Harry Lillis Crosby: At 61, an age when most men are slowing down or thinking of retiring, he is busier and happier than at any other period of his life. Consider some of his activities during the last 12 months. Starting with the singing department, he recorded some 30 songs for a Longines Symphonette album series (bringing his lifetime total up to around 3,100 songs). He also did a new Christmas number by Mitchell Parish and Hoagy Carmichael called The Wonderful World of Winter for Reprise, his friend Frank Sinatra's recording company. "Should be a pretty good hit by next December," says Bing. "A little change of pace from White Christmas." That song, from the film "Holiday Inn", recorded first in 1942, has sold over 23 million copies. (Twenty of Bing's records over the years have sold more than a million copies, earning him golden replicas from grateful record companies. Since moving to the San Francisco area from Los Angeles two years ago, Bing has had musical arrangements prerecorded (by anything from a trio to a 50-piece orchestra) in Hollywood and the tapes sent to San Francisco. In a tiny studio there, Bing plays the arrangements over once or twice and then sings along with the music. This blend is recorded, the tapes are flown back to Hollywood, and the albums pressed.

"One morning," says Leo Lynn, Bing's driver, "I dropped him off at the recording studio at 8.30. By the time I picked him up at noon, that son of a gun had managed to record 16 entire songs!" Leo, incidentally, is as much a friend as a chauffeur. A fellow student of Bing's at Gonzago University, he has been with him for 30 years. His duties range from cooking for a houseful of hunters on Bing's ranch to escorting special

fans around the studios when Bing is unavailable.

Bing is a top amateur golfer, with a silken-smooth swing. Unfortunately, in the last year golf is one activity Bing has had to curtail. Bursitis in his shoulder has made it painful for him to swing. "Ireally miss it," he says. "It's a game you can play all over the world, with anyone and everyone. Head for a golf course in a foreign country and you feel at home and make friends. Great leveller, great common denominator." Treatments have helped his Bursitis and he hopes to be back at his favourite game soon. Meanwhile, in January, he got a vicarious thrill from his famed Crosby Golf Tournament at Monterey, California. This annual four-day event, which attracts the world's top golfers started 25 years ago and each year nets around 160,000 dollars for youth centrds, prphanages and loans to students in small colleges all over the country. Bing supervises every detail of the tournament and personally invites the 168 amateurs who, partnered with the pros. compete for the trophies. None of the almost 100,000 spectators enjoys the tournament more than Bing does.

Next to playing golf, Bing's favourite occupation is watching it or sitting around swapping yarns with other players. He likes to tell stories of the time he and John F. Kennedy used to play golf together. Once, when he beat the President, he waived their 5-dollar bet, and the President joked, "I suppose you're bucking for some presidential appointment - what job do you want?" Bing said, "Well, Jack, just a little thing. Is it true that every year your Treasury men take all the old soiled paper money and burn it?" "Yes," said the President. "Well," Bing drawled, "I'd like to be the guy that takes it down to the furnace!"

Sports have always been a big part of Bing's life. He has trained race horses for years, and has had some good ones. Last year was his finest season - his horse Meadow Court won the coveted Irish Derby Sweeps and the King George stakes. In his den (which is panelled in the rick dark wood of a 16th century monastery, purchased last year from the William Randolph Hearst estate) Bing has a beautifully carved wooden figurine of Meadow Court and his jockey. Around the room are other mementoes and trophies of racing triumphs. (The house itself once belonged to his friend multi-millionaire Charles Howard, owner of the famed Seabiscuit). Bing enjoys the milieu of racing - the horse talk, the jockeys, the trainers and the track bums. One of his favourite stories is about the legendary, stuttering Joe Frisco, who came up to Bing once at the Santa Anita Race Track, swearing he had some hot tips and begging Bing for money. Bing gave him a 20-dollar bill and wished him luck.

After the races, someone said to Bing, "You should see Frisco - he won every single race!" Bing went to the clubhouse, and sure enough, there was Joe, surrounded by pretty girls, a jeroboam of champagne and a stack of paper money on the table in front of him. As Bing went over, clearing his throat significantly, Frisco took the cigar out of his mouth, and imperiously tapped the ashes off it. "Here, boy," he said, casually peeling off a 20-dollar bill and handing it to Bing, "G-g-g-give us a chorus of M-m-melancholy Baby!"

Bing also owns a large chunk of a baseball team, the Pittsburgh Pirates. ("Never made much money, but I've found them a couple of players and its great fun.") His bursitis interferes only slightly with another two of his favourite sports, hunting and fishing, though a few weeks ago I saw him wince with pain a couple of times when he snapped the gun to his shoulder and missed shots he never would have otherwise. ("A fair country wing shot," is the only description he'll admit to, but in reality he's much better than that). Bing's 1,800-acre ranch, six hours (by car) north of San Francisco, is a source of great pleasure to both him and Kathryn. They take the three children there for two months each summer and try to get there once every six weeks or so for the rest of the year. They used to fly in to the little nearby airport in one of Bing's two planes, but last year he gave both of them up. Kathryn is an ardent hunter, having started young with her father in Texas. She and Bing fish together on the ranch, too. Running through it is probably the finest stretch of trout water in America; its also one of the toughest. Bing, a dedicated and compleat angler, usually fishes on his knees from the bank, or wades in a stream waist-deep. ("If the fish see your shadow or feel any vibration, you might as well go home.") Just as he can sit relaxed and happy in a wet, cold duck blind, hour after hour, so he can stay contentedly in one place on a riverbank and cast for hours over one "recalcitrant finny foe". (He really talks like that - he has a large vocabulary and chooses his words with care). For a T.V. programme, The American Sportsman, last Feb-

ruary, Bing went marlin fishing. "Wish all my jobs were that much fun," he says. "I could fish all day every day." One wonders why he doesn't. Why does he keep working, driving himself? Why doesn't he just retire to his ranch or to his beautiful place in Las Cruces, in Baja California, and just fish all day? He has leased a small island only 35 minutes from San Francisco and stocked it with partridge, quail, dove and pheasant. Its a veritable hunter's paradise, but with all his other activities, he can find time to get there only about once a month.

The fact is that Bing likes work better than he does loafing. (He also likes the steady ching-ching-ching- of the cash register. "Money can't buy happiness," he's fond of saying,"but it sure opens the bidding on a nice note.") He describes himself as bone lazy, but let me list a few more of his activities in the past 12 months. Commuting to Los Angeles, he has headed eight Hollywood Palace bills, the most gruelling and demanding T.V. variety show on the air. He's appeared on the Danny Thomas Show and the Bob Hope Show, done a large segment of a TV tribute to early radio, emceed an hour-long variety show for the Canadian Broadcasting System's Easter Seal drive, and narrated a Cinerama feature film. He's also recorded a Western music album and a Dixieland album with Rosemary Clooney. Then too, he played the part of the drunken doctor in the multimillion-dollar remake of the classic film "Stagecoach", filmed on location near Boulder, California. The picture is scheduled for release in May. The complex role is the most difficult part he's had in the 86 films he's been in since his first, The Big Broadcast, in 1931. Many people think he might earn an Oscar for it, and this would complete the book-ends, for in 1945 he won an Oscar for the priest's role in "Going My Way".

For a broken-down old crooner (his description of himself in his Oscar-acceptance speech), he sure manages to get around. In the last year, he and Kathryn have been to Canada, England, Ireland, France, Spain, Mexico (twice) and New York (three times). They also spent two months with the children in Chicago during the run of Kathryn's play, "Arms and the Man". With all this, Bing somehow manages to raise Labrador retrievers, write about 200 personal letters a week, practice his hobby of photography, do charity and hospital shows, be an active member of San Francisco's Film Festival Board, see a lot of films, ballet and plays, browse around art galleries to add to his collection, and attend fancy dinners for such visiting dignitaries as Princess Margaret (Her Royal Highness declared she was "absolutely thrilled" to meet him). He also has to read a great many scripts and watch over his varied business interests. His enterprises include everything from a small bank to such TV programmes as "Breaking Point", "Slattery's People", "Hogan's Heroes", and "Ben Casey". But he considers that his most important activity is being a father to his three small children. I asked him if he felt he was doing a better job with these children than he did with his first crop. "Man," he said with a rueful grin, "I've got to!" He feels that because he was working harder in the earlier days and was away from home a great deal, he didn't do right by his first four boys by his first wife, Dixie Lee. He is determined this won't happen with Harry, Mary Frances and Nathaniel. They travel with Bing and Kathryn whenever its feasible. "Nowadays people do too much for children and not enough with them," he says.

Unless he's away, Bing drives the children to school himself every day (in a white rolls with "H.L.C." on the door). He or Kathryn also take the children to their weekly catechism classes. Bing is a devout Catholic. He attends Mass every Sunday, contributes heavily to the church and turns his Palm Springs mansion over to nuns for a retreat whenever they want it. He was deeply moved when Kathryn took instruction and became a Catholic. (But he also was amused by her Baptist father's remark when she took him to Mass and asked him how he liked it: "Damned Inca ceremony!") Dixie Lee was not a Catholic. Bing says, "She was a very good woman and had her own religion. I believe in letting people's beliefs alone."

He doesn't like to talk about those old days much, but he did tell me "Dixie was a beauty-contest winner from Chicago. Very genuine and shy. Came to Hollywood and hated it -- all the publicity, the rassmatazz atmosphere. Just couldn't handle it. But she was a fine person and a good mother." I said I had heard that he was a pretty fair drinker back in those old days. "I only drank on special occasions," he said, smiling, "Like, for instance, a warm handshake. I did drink a bit, but for conviviality - always ready for a party -- a good time."

His liking for a good time once got him in trouble. Back in 1929, after a studio party, he was involved in a car accident and did 30 days in jail for drunk driving. "It

dashed my hopes for becoming President," Bing says of his youthful demeanour. "Reminds me of the time a good many years ago at the Crosby tournament. I was with my son Lindday, then only 10, and I got whooping it up pretty good with Dennis O'Keefe, Ray Milland, Ray Bolger, then drove them to my house for dinner. Next day somebody remarked to Lindsay, "Say, you shouldn't have let your father drive home like that last night." Ol' Lin shrugged and said, "He was the best we had at the time!"

Nowadays, however, Bing usually confines himself to one drink before dinner and wine with the meal, but he still enjoys the company of drinking cronies Dean Martin, Phil Harris and old-time star Buster Collier. Although Kathryn is in her early 30's, there seems to be no problem in the age gap between her and Bing, though Bing feared that there might be before they were married. Dixie died in 1952; he met Kathryn in 1956 when she came to interview him for a newspaper. He knew instantly that this was The Girl. But it took him two years to conquer his fear of the age gap. His fears were groundless, for she is a remarkable, highly intelligent, capable person as well as being decorative and talented. She is a registered nurse, having trained at Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles, and she is doing further study on tropical diseases so that she can put the knowledge to work in Mexico. Last year she and the restauranteur known as Trader Vic started an eye clinic in Las Cruces for the many children there with diseased eyes. She is a superb cook, especially with game; she prepares the dove, quail, pheasant, duck or venison Bing shoots. in varied and exotic ways on their huge 1927 restaurant stove. She also has a lively interest in decorating, and she and Bing's longtime musical director, John Scott Trotter (who is also a professional decorator), have remodelled the entire Crosby household. She has poise and confidence in any undertaking she tackles. Recently she was approached by a producer to appear in the musical version of "Peter Pan" at the Hyatt Circle Theatre near San Francisco. Although she had never before sung in public, she accepted the challenge and flung herself into the practicing and rehearsals with the enthusiasm she brings to all her projects. "How's she doing," I asked Bing in her presence during one of our painting sessions. "Well," he said with a husbandly jab, "She hollders pretty good."

Kathryn gave a mock pout. "He wired me from the East last week; "Just heard Mary Martin's record of Peter Pan. Suggest your giving up project." She shook her finger at him. "But he'll eat his words." And eat them he did with pleasure, for Kathryn persevered, the show was a hit, and the critics were kind to her performance. In it, her daughter made her stage debut.

"Mary Frances revelled in every minute of it," says Bing, with a chuckle. "She's a ham just like her mother - loves "being on" all the time. She wakes up singing!" "Would you like her to be an actress?" I asked. "Sure, if she likes it that much and is good at it. Take my son Gary - just did a Hollywood Palace with him. He's had the bug since he was little Mary Frances's age. Nothing matters to him but show biz - he likes all the characters, thinks Jack E. Leonard, the comedian, is the greatest guy in the world. Loves to sit around with the other hipsters cracking jokes, knocking each other out with routines, all of 'em on-stage always. Me, I can't take it for very long - wears me out."

"How about the other boys?"

"They never were quite as dedicated as Gary, though Phil's been doing a great job entertaining in Vietnam, and Dennis is doing well in the production end of Desilu Studios. Lindsay's in the vitamin pill industry and has a restaurant in Palm Springs." The rest of the family, with whom he and Kathryn have a good relationship, includes Bing's two married sisters, who live in the Monterey area, Larry, his public relations man, and Bob, a bandleader. All of them live in Beverley Hills. Brother Ted is in insurance and lives in Spokane, Washington, and brother Everett, formerly Bing's business manager, is now a resident of Connecticut. (Editor's note: Readers will recall, alas, that Everett died on July 14 last, after this article was first published). The mother of these seven unusual people died in 1964 at 92, adored by her children.

"She was quite a woman," says Bing. "Strong, witty and dignified. I remember a few days before her death one of those unctuous nurses came to her bedside in the hospital and cooed, "Now, Mother, its time for us to have our bath." She drew herself up and said, "My name is Mrs. Crosby, I am not your mother, and I bathe alone." One can well imagine Mrs. Crosby's pride in Bing, for few people in public life have managed to retain the respect, popularity and affection of the public for as many decades as he has. Recently I walked down a San Francisco street with him to pick out a frame for his portrait, and it seemed as though every third person stopped to say hello. He had a smile or handshake for all of them.

One typical fan stopped him to say, "Mr. Crosby, I just want to tell you you've given me more pleasure over the last 35 years than anyone in the world. Er --- except for my wife here."

I asked Bing whether strangers coming at him all the time didn't bother him. "No, they're all nice people," he said. "The only thing that's difficult is that every other one of them has written a song they want you to hear and record. It's tough to turn 'em down."

I think one of the ingredients that has kept Bing on top for so long is his inate decency and deep interest and compassion for his fellowman, qualities that come across to people. Last week, as I was putting the final touches on the background of Bing's portrait (which incidentally, the Crosby's like!) in my studio, my cleaning woman stopped her work to study it. "What's so all-fired great about Der Bingle, I ask myself? she said to me. "He's just another singer. But he's really a lot more'n that to me. He was around singing when I was being courted, and he's always been around singing when I needed him - when I was divorced and when I was widowed. And I just hope and pray he's going to be around singing to me for the rest of my life!"

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Editor's note: We will all agree with the cleaning-woman - without a vote necessary!

Presenting again: THE REG BRISTO COLUMNS

"Follow that!" says the Editor (meaning the foregoing article) with a malevolent leer! No, Frank didn't really say that - he couldn't! - - but he might just as well have! Its enough to discourage one for life! But follow I must, for I have the pleasure and honour to be allocated the following pages.

REFLECTIONS OF A NOT SO NEW-COMER !

That was indeed some week that was! There we were wondering, as usual, when we were going to get some Bing-time on TV - when wham! "The One and Only Bing Crosby" in the Hollywood and the Stars series, "The Road to Singapore", and two consecutive T.V. news-shots of Bing in Cockermouth! Truly the last week of August provided a bonanza for Bing fans. Grievously, I wasn't one of the lucky ones who could drop everything and form part of the welcoming committee. You can "read it all" elsewhere - as I'm eagerly waiting to do. Midst all the activity and excitement of Frank's comings and goings to Cockermouth - for Frank was right on the ball - he was good enough to drop me a line, sufficient to whet my appetite. Drat it, it wasn't all that long ago I was in that picturesque town, a haunt of Wordsworth devotees, isn't it? For certain it was a haunt of Crosby-devotees in that first week of September.

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Two main reactions for me following the publication of BING 3 - apart from general satisfaction at such a grand issue. First, disappointment that I did not inveigle any Welsh readers into writing to me (for I know we have some). Can't we get together in the Principality, ladies and gentlemen? Secondly, however, right at the other end of the scale, real pleasure and delight, for easily the nicest thing that happened was for me to receive a kind, lengthy, and very informative letter from none other than that Prince of Crosbyites, Leslie Gaylor. It was an extremely generous gesture to a newcomer and highly appreciated. Leslie was a little disconcerted that he had been described in this magazine as "our premier collector", as he knows there are many others with larger collections than his. Well, perhaps that is a valid point to those other collectors, but who is going to disagree with the title I've given him? Les does claim, however, to being the Biggest Bing Booster! I've yet to meet Les personally, but like many thousands of others I know him by repute because of his incredible Bing boosting over the years. Now I know him much better by correspondence. At least, I now have an address I will make for the next time I'm on the Isle of Wight to see those autographed albums, and the friendly correspondence from the Maestro.

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I said Leslie's letter was informative, for he put me in the picture regarding "Holiday in Europe". I hadn't the slightest idea that the orchestra behind Bing on this fine album was

that of Malcolm Lockyer. In my opinion it was a gross injustice to leave mention of this off the sleeve. I am liable to correction on this, but to the best of my knowledge the only other time Bing has been accompanied by a "home-grown" orchestra was during that historic and celebrated War-time concert he made for the B.B.C. with Charles Shadwell and the (then) Variety Orchestra.

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Unless you can listen to "White Christmas", "Silent Night", etc., in the summer - and why not? - it'll be time soon to make sure the Christmas Crosby's are dust-free. Looking back, there were many occasions during the summer when they would have been quite appropriate! Even if we don't reserve our Christmas albums for the festive season, the B.B.C. certainly do, and no doubt we can look forward to the annual "airing" of Bing in a few weeks' time. And of course, they will be as welcome and appreciated as ever by all - not only the I.C.C. I remember walking (trailing?) around the shops in the wake of the wife some days before last Christmas, and I heard a man - as "Silent Night" came from external speakers - "Ah, now I know its Christmas. There's ol' Bing!"

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Many are the traps for the unwary newcomer! I mentioned in the last issue what a boon it would be to have a really good, comprehensive, list of Bing's recordings, and went on to say that perhaps it would be too big a task for anyone, or even a dedicated team. Little did I know then that Ralph Harding and just such a dedicated team are doing just that job with their "Road to Bing Crosby". My apologies to them for this lapse, for just what sort of job this team is doing was brought home to me by Editor Frank when he told me that one reader had flatly announced that he would double the highest bid received by Frank when copies were being offered for sale in the No. 3 BING.

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A sobering thought - to some of us veterans - that our enthusiastic correspondent, Michael Crampton, was 23 years old in June last - which means, for example, that young Michael was born about a year after Bing first recorded "White Christmas"! Sobering indeed, and yet who among us who can remember Bing in the early 30's would be without the experience of seeing the emergence and stupendous rise of the young Bing? Its possible, I suppose, that in 30-40 years' time middle-aged people will be sighing: "Ah, yes, I can remember Ringo, Mick Jagger and Wee Willie Harris". Possible - maybe. It would be great to know that there are many more like young Mike, who has obviously emerged unscathed from the relentless brain-washing (in the "pop" sense) to which youth is nowadays being subjected.

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I thought the Maestro unduly pessimistic when he stated in the A.B.C. of Entertainment story that he was nonplussed that while his voice had deteriorated over the years, Al Jolson sang as well as ever up to the time of his lamented death. Most of the tracks issued in, say, the past 5 years do not bear out this view. But as I've indicated elsewhere, Bing is always willing to downgrade his own performances. Also, when making this statement Bing said this opinion was shared "by people who know", so if we disagree we're liable to be classed among the "don't knows"! For me, the 50's and 60's recordings are infinitely as good, if not better, than some of the mid-40's efforts. Then again, Al did regrettably have long periods when his voice was comparatively inactive, whereas Bing's has been in almost continuous action - more action perhaps than any other voice in recording history It cannot be expected, I suppose, that a man in his 60's will sing with the vigour he had in his 20's - but would you say that "Country Hits" or "Travellin' Two-Beat" suffer from lack of vigour? The true wonder is that the voice has lasted the way it has.

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I've lost the cinema-going habit these past few years, but I did get around to seeing "Stagecoach". The colour and wide screen certainly added to the spectacle, and the experience was well worthwhile. But quite undeniably, for me the new version didn't have nearly the dramatic impact of the original. This I felt, was due to two reasons. One we saw the original so many times on T.V., and two, the daily diary featured in our magazines, while intensely interesting, destroyed a lot of the "illusion". It would have been better, perhaps, to have read the diary after seeing the film. Its difficult, otherwise, to say why the film lacked dramatic impact for all the characters were terrific, even if it was difficult to believe that sweet little girl was a hardened harlot! But that, they tell me, is

indeed, life! Bing was great and certainly got some big laughs from the audience of which I was part - especially that look of outraged consternation when the case of whisky received a stray bullet! A gem of acting, I thought, but no doubt Bing will dismiss it as natural behaviour. Yet all the time I had the nagging feeling that it was all wrong to be seeing Bing for two hours or so on the screen and not hear him sing a note. Naturally, singing was out as far as his role was concerned, but why didn't we hear Bing singing an original Western during the "credits" and the finale? It would have been quite appropriate, I feel, and a concession to his fans.

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Like the idea of a blazer badge. It would not only be very exclusive, but would be a terrific Bing-booster. Its surprising how closely a lot of people study blazer badges, as I well know, to my embarrassment. Some years ago I asked my young daughter to sew my new cricket-club badge on a blazer - and a few days later someone asked me how long I had been an "old-boy" of the Girls County Grammar school! The badges were similar in colour, etc., and the wrong one was sewn on my blazer. Another idea occurs to me re. Bing boosting - supposing we could put an I.C.C. leaflet in all Crosby albums! I expect the companys would turn the idea down flat, if only because all other societies would demand the same privilege. But supposing we could individually prevail upon our local record shops to let <u>us</u> do it! A pamphlet saying "You've bought this Crosby album, perhaps you will be interested in the I.C.C....etc" giving names and address of representatives.

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Some months ago our revered contemporary, "The Crosby Collector", was discussing "stinkeroo" records that may have been made by Bing - and I return to this in Discrosby - but someone else came up with criticisms of pictures on some of Bing's albums. If I remember rightly, it was the "out-door" look of Bing on the Country Hits album that sparked off the criticism. I suppose the most striking sleeves are the specially-commissioned portraits that adorn the HOLLYWOOD series showing Bing in some of his film role costumes - and rather dissolute some of them make him look! The colour picture on Realm Classics is good, but not typically Bing. "Return to Paradise Islands" has a very good present-day picture - pity it wasn't larger, however. But for real nostalgia, the glorious colour picture of him on "The Young Bing Crosby" must be the winner. Bing looks slightly dazed, though. Perhaps he was wondering what was happening to him at that particular time! I gather from Les Gaylor that the picture on the W.R.C. album (Bing Sings while Bregman Swings, I believe) is quite something as an up-to-date picture of the boss.

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Many of our readers must have caught sight - with a momentary shock - of the "cheap" cheap label album that has been issued with a photograph of Bing on the sleeve. Almost immediately one sees in small print above the photograph "Songs made famous by Bing Crosby" I haven't heard the record, and it may be very good value at its price of 10/-. But I am truly baffled that anyone should hit on such an idea to sell an album, although it is a fairly common practice with other artists. With Bing's own recordings of the "songs he made famous" so readily available, who would want to buy such a counterfeit offering?

THE MAESTRO OF UNDERSTATEMENT.....

.....A RECORD OR TWO, THAT'S ALL..

"....with the exception of a gramophone record or two, I don't think I've ever done anything worthwhile."
Bing in his book "Call Me Lucky".

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Bing's autobiography, or that part of it which takes us up to about 1952, has long been around, reviewed and digested - in fact, I should say we are due for another literary effort, for Bing didn't know when he completed "Call Me Lucky" that an entirely new domestic career was fast approaching him. He didn't even know he was destined for another million-selling record - True Love! But it is, of course, the sort of book one can easily re-read and again find something new of interest, just as one can, in fact, by playing his records. On this current re-reading of mine the passage I have quoted above sticks in my

mind, and it would be easy to be banal and call it the understatement of the century.

Its no secret that many show business personalities - and others too, for that matter - use what is regarded as a legitimate subterfuge by having their stories written by a "ghost" writer, although the book, of course, is published as by so-and-so himself, with no mention of the actual writer. I have no knowledge as to whether "Call Me Lucky" was "ghosted", but I should be very surprised if it was. The whole tone and phraseology is too authentically Bing Crosby, and one of the strongest pointers to that contention is the well-nigh unbelievable modesty of the writing. No "ghost" would have played down Bing's achievements as he himself has done. Refreshingly, especially in these days of bombast by comparative nonentities, we know Bing's playing down is no act designed to achieve the opposite effect.

Podsibly Bing was speaking broadly when he wrote the above, and for a record or two he meant a couple of thousand or so. Much more likely, I think, he really believes that only one or two of his records out of the total are worthwhile. For many of us, his records are indeed his biggest and most enduring achievement. The natural gift of a good, easy-to-listen to voice is not an achievement in itself, obviously, but the manner in which that gift is used most certainly is an achievement. Furthermore, I feel we can mention some of the achievements - apart from "a record or two".

For example, who will gloss over the colossal sums raised for charitable and educational purposes, the War-time Bond raising, as Bing himself does? Nobody, I'm sure. That he taught the world how to sing? I think the astonishing way in which Bing grabbed radio by the neck, as it were, and showed the world how this new-fangled invention could be used for a new style of singing and entertainment, was no mean achievement in itself. When he says he was lucky to be in at the birth of the popularity of radio in the show business world, no one will disagree with him on that score - but surely it was a case of "cometh the hour cometh the man". And if I have the quotation round the wrong way I hope my literary critics will forgive me. There were others in at this birth too, who have long fallen by the wayside and are scarcely remembered, if indeed, remembered, at all.

Try and imagine the thousands of people who have been kept in employment purely as a result of Mr. C's career - and I don't mean only his own vast private enterprises, down to the humblest cinema usherette, or the printer of record labels. Its astonishing just what industries, let alone people, are concerned in the production of records and films. And Bing always plays down his screen performances as he does his records - even ribaldly at times, I understand - yet he won a coveted "Oscar" and practically convinced the world he was indeed Father Crosby!

But by far Bing's biggest, and undoubtedly most enduring achievement remains to be listed, and it probably needs a better writer than I to mention it without sounding trite. Nevertheless, I will attempt it. The truly religious tell us our main function in life is, or should be, to bring happiness to others, and that if you do so your life is truly worthwhile. And who can disagree with that profound sentiment? Where, therefore, does that place Bing Crosby? He himself would shake his head in embarrassment and refer us to doctors, nurses, great statesmen, authors - and if we managed to convince him that entertainers had a rightful place in that estimable list, he would put Harry Lillis Crosby very low in it, if he included it at all.

Happily and truthfully, Bing can have his opinion - and we ours! We know he has achieved monumental heights in making millions of people happy. The existence of this very magazine, among others, 40 years after he first broadcast, the fact that still a fair proportion of these millions are not Americans, have not and are not likely to, meet him, and know him only through records and films, revere him as perhaps no other earthly being is a fact. The treasured piles of records carefully looked after in hundreds of homes, records still being searched for, still in fact, being reissued, in all places over the globe - consider that, and one begins to appreciate just what a legend is in his own life-time.

It's gratifying, I feel, to Crosby admirers to know from Bing's book and much more recent articles, that he himself in his private life has, and is enjoying, in some measure the vast happiness he has brought to so many. It can truly be said that he taught the world how to sing - and if we don't sound like him, we all at one time thought we did!

Do you feel, as I did, that Bing's quotation needed a little amplification and correction? I know that if this is printed and I read it several months after writing it, I shall think .... that's not a quarter of what I really wanted to say. But that's how it will always be for me on the subject of one H. L. Crosby, otherwise known as Bing. And all achieved, mark you, without once punching a press-photographer, without smashing a camera, without a back-slapping mutual-admiration "clan", no night-club scuffles, no divorce,

no scandal (as in overlook the youthful broken-driving episode although it would be much more serious today!).....just a voice that is great to listen to, a wonderful understanding of how to use it, and a grand personality. And only recently he was at it again: puffing his pipe, he nonchalantly declared: "No - puff - never was conscious of making any particular sound, not at all." That's Bing, and who wants to change him?

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Have you a system? B I N G S I N G S - B U T W H E N ?

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A "long-time no see" relative turned up during the summer, and inevitably he was soon browsing through the collection. "Gee whiz," he says, "what a grand collection you have - but when do you play 'em all?" Its a fair question at that! Having about 400 Crosby titles, as well as a fair number of other types of record, I am one of the minnows in the collecting line - but catching up fast - my family think I'm crazy and complain that while they like Bing, they are hearing him all the time. The truth is that at the moment we're in a flat and haven't the space we would like. Therefore, television makes big inroads on my record-listening time - television I personally do not want to see. But of, course, one has to defer to the family on some matters. Many readers of this magazine have at least twice my number, and some considerably more. So - when do they play all these records, especially bearing in mind that they almost certainly have other stocks of records. It needs no Einstein to work out the playing-time of such a collection of records in hours or days, or in some cases perhaps, weeks. I realise naturally that no one sits down and plays their collection in one sleepless marathon, and that therefore, they must have some method. I imagine he plays a couple of albums at a session, and works through them at that rate, so that it means most tracks get an airing very few times a year. On the other hand, perhaps he plays his favourite albums a lot more frequently, and the others therefore, must of necessity be rather neglected. And does he, once in a while, suddenly get the urge to run through a couple of dozen old 78's. There must be some good ideas on this subject which would be of interest to other readers.

It occurs to me that perhaps some of the really rabid collectors - those who pay, say, £10 for an obscure record - must buy a lot of records simply for pride of possession - something like a philatelist buys stamps. And now there is a strong movement afoot to obtain taped radio and T.V. programmes, which must add to the vexed question of how to fit them all in. The mind truly boggles! One day I will live again in a house and shall build a luxurious shed in the garden, if not a small room in the house itself, make it really comfortable and fit it up with the ultimate in record-reproduction. Then I will be able to listen to records just when I like. Should the family also want to listen, extension speakers can be switched on, but not of course if "Peyton Place" or some other "epic" is on the telly. Only a dream as yet, but I'm sure some readers have just these conditions.

Nowadays, I go about it like this. A new album, of course, gets many plays for a few weeks and then takes its place in the queue and is played in its turn, two or three albums at a time. I once went to the trouble of ruling up a notebook listing all my records, and each time a record or album was played, I made a mark alongside, with a cross if both sides were played. The pages looked like this:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Bing & the Dixieland Bands.	//	X	/ X
Return to Paradise Islands.	X X	/	/
Pennies from Heaven.	/	//	X

Originally, I adopted this to keep a check on the number of records the stylus had played, but as a side-effect, the markings gave an interesting analysis of "plays". I found I was playing, unconsciously, some albums a lot more than others. There was no reason for this as regards affection, it merely seemed that they were the nearest to hand in the cabinet. That's no way to go on, but as a result of my notebook I was able to space the playings out fairly, thus evening up both my enjoyment and the wear on the records at the same time.

As regards 78's in the collection, I know I am not alone in putting them on tape. With judicious use of the bass control the built-in surface "hiss" may be minimised. Other advantages are fairly obvious, but I list them nevertheless:

(i) The 78 stylus doesn't get flogged.
(ii) The old 78's run in smooth, album fashion.
(iii) The vintage records can be stored safely away without fear of breaking.
(iv) Should an old treasure get broken, you still have the track on tape.

As a matter of fact, one can have some highly diverting hours making up ideal, or exclusive "albums" on tape. An example is "Bing thro' the Decades", with titles obviously from the 20's, 30's, so on to the 60's. This is particularly interesting to those interested in trying to gauge the changes in the voice over this fantastic span of years. But all sorts of albums can be made up, obviously - "Bing and the Moon", "Bing Thro' the Seasons", etc. etc. But to return to the original theme, how do you go about giving your collection a fair and regular "airing"? It will be of interest to us all.

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HE MEANT WELL - NO DOUBT !

Listening to the B.B.C. early morning music a few weeks back, I heard: "Well, that was some old so-and-so, and now here's some old Crosby!" I rushed to turn up the volume, almost unbelieving - and he played Frank Ifield yodelling "Please". Ye Gods!

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

Young daughter, as "That's A Plenty" came to an end: "You know, really, Bing is quite fab.!"

She was telling me.

Random thoughts on records old and new: Non-violent disagreement is welcomed! Let us know.

+++ D I S C R O S B Y +++

Through a very happy combination of circumstances - inspiration by Peter Monaghan and very practical assistance by Les Gaylor - I am in possession of that wonderful American album "Blue Hawaii", and if anyone is going to assert that this is the finest collection of Bing I for one will not argue. Everything that makes Bing so far above all others is in it: Wonderful timbre, immaculate breath control and phrasing, incredible feel for the beautiful songs and perfect diction. Recording dates are between 1936-40, and to those who aver that this was Bing's real vintage period, this album is eloquent testimony to their belief. It is indeed, a superb album.

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If Bing had only ever sung to a mouth-organ or a one-string fiddle, I would have bought his records, but think of the bonus benefits one gets by being a Crosby collector! The Dorseys, brother Bob, Bob Haggerty, Les Paul, Bob Scobey, Woody Herman - in fact almost every outfit of note, not forgetting of course the marathon efforts of John Scott Trotter. One piano, two pianos, electronic organs, cinema organs - and all those "sweet" bands of the early period.

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I have a great affection for the "sweet" bands of days gone by - "sickly sweet" the jazz-men called them, where syrupy saxophone sections predominated. Jan, Garber, Guy Lombardo, Russ Morgan and Gus Arnheim to an extent - although they could put over the "hot" number as well. A good illustration of the sort of thing I mean is "Snuggled on Your Shoulder". I haven't got the record handy as I write, but I believe the orchestra was that of Bennie Kreuger. The nearest approach to the sound in this country was obtained by Maurice Winnick before and for a short while, after the War, with his "Sweetest Music this side of Heaven". I've always likedplenty of melody.

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That particular record is on Early 30's in now form, and while on the subject, another point I like about such tracks of those days is that the verse of the song was always included. The majority of today's songs don't have a verse - in fact, they seem to have only one line, so it can't very well be sung. But I always thought it gave the records style, and set the scene, as it were, for the more well-known chorus, or refrain as it used to be called! "Snuggled" is a good example, but it applies to most of those early tracks.

"Blue of the Night", "Million-dollar Baby", etc. etc. and especially the classics "Just one More Chance" and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams". "Blue of the Night" reminds me that in these days Bing's name often appeared in the composing team. I can find four and I have no doubt the encyclopaedic Crosbyites can name them at the drop of a hat and a lot more besides. For those not so well-versed I can trace "Blue of the Night", "I Would If I could But I Can't" "A Ghost of a Chance" and "At Your Command". One can imagine that in those care-free days Bing found it a bit of fun to collaborate on song-writing. Quite obviously in later years he was much too busy singing the songs of the master tunesmiths to have time for composing or writing. Just to confound me again, after writing the above I discovered the name Crosby is in the "team" for "Domenica" on the "Holiday In Europe" album!

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I wonder if some of your younger members know that once upon a time Bing's name often occurred in the popular songs of the day? Perhaps the happiest was in that famous song "These Foolish Things" - "The song that Crosby sings, these foolish things....". It doesn't occur in Bing's version! A very early one was the comedy number "My Kid's a Crooner". In despair the singer used to sing: "I think I'll write to Crosby, ask him what to do, 'cos my kid's a crooner, boo, boo, boo. (This was in imitation of Bing, not what the football crowds do!) They were actually part of the song. In a different vein, the Andrews Sisters sing of "der Bingo" in "Rum and Coca-Cola", and the classic of Schnozzle Durante in his record of (I believe Inka Dinka Doo). Jimmy used to produce a fantastic note, the band would stop playing, and he would say "Bing Crosby gave me that note - and was he glad to get rid of it!"

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That Ace of Hearts album, "Among My Souvenirs", which as far as I'm concerned, came right out of the blue last year, although with no particular aim barring the tie-up with Lawrence Wright's death, adds up to pretty good entertainment, I feel. If you analyse it it contains three great duets, some of Bing's classic ballads and the "beaty" number "Devil and the Deep Blue Sea". I was under the impression that "Does Your Heart Beat for Me" was a wicked take-off of a Russ Morgan arrangement - until I saw in a discography that it really was Russ Morgan's orchestra! Russ is, of course, the "So Tired" man plays a very individual but melodious trombone. Another point about this album which makes it unique, is that the recording dates span about 20 years.

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Speaking of take-offs, or send-ups I believe they're called now, I wonder who coached Bing in his Scots accent for "Roamin' in the Gloamin'"? Whoever it was did a fair job. Perhaps Mr. C. got hold of some old Harry Lauder records. I felt rather relieved that he didn't go all-out Cockney for "Mother Brown". And talking of accents reminds me of "Sunflower" when in a typically whimsical moment Bing slips in a true Southern American emphasis on "...And I'm heah to tell you..." I never listen to "Sunflower", however, without wondering which came first: that or "Hello Dolly". They have much in common.

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Considering the perennial question: "Is Bing a jazz singer?", its a paralysing thought that if Crosby hadn't had almost immediate appeal for all sections of the community from nine to ninety, he might well have become a "jazz" singer, by which I mean he would have been known to a handful of "dedicated" people, dashing around the States with trios, quartets and what-have-you in the so-called "way-out" manner and would have been denied to his vast legions of admirers - and no doubt, soon lost in obscurity. Fantastic? Not at all. Some of his early vocalisings were out of this world in the jazz sense - like the final chorus of "St. Louis Blues", or "Sweet Georgia Brown" to mention but two. True scat-singing where the vocalist takes a chorus in the same way as an instrumentalist does. And if some of today's pundits do not agree, I'd gamble that Red Nicholls, Louis, Jack Teagarden, and the Dorseys to mention but a few, most certainly would agree.

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We often lament about the lack of plugging Bing's records get these days, but curiously enough, "Travellin' Two-Beat" turns up quite a lot, especially between 6 and 8 in the morning. One tune we are <u>not</u> likely to hear on Auntie B.B.C. though is very obvious: "Daughter of Mollie Malone". Can you imagine the B.B.C. putting out that unequivocal plug for Volkswagen? They wouldn't do it if it had been a B.M.C. model, to be fair... but Volkswagen!

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I never listen to the "autobiography" track of "Begin the Beguine" without being puzzled at that enigmatical remark Bing makes in his cryptic introduction to the number. He refers to the alleged comment of composer Cole Porter when he first heard the recording: "He waited too long." Did he mean Bing had left his recording too late as the great song had become hackneyed and lost its "shine", or did he mean that Bing's goice would have made a better job of it pre-War, when of course, it first came out? Personally I wouldn't agree with either supposition - but what did he mean?

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Our respected contemporary, Crosby Collector, was discussing earlier this year "stinkeroo" records Bing may or may not have made. All agreed such talk was tantamount to sacrilege. Nevertheless, certain records were nominated - some of which turned out to be other people's favourites! I would prefer to mix my metaphors by emulating the ostrich, and from that head in the sand position murmur that the King can do no wrong. Yet it is undeniable that a curious lethargy, almost a quaver, crept into some Crosby recordings, like for instance "They Say It's Wonderful", and also a certain uncharacteristic lack of "feel" in such as, again for instance, "We'll Gather Lilacs". I'm no expert discographer, but this would seem to fix the period around the early and middle 40's. Happily this passed - and I am with Collector's correspondents in agreeing I would still rather have these records than have them by other artists. Could it not, also, happen, that a voice recording frequently and regularly, in fact sorely hard-pressed by the demands on it, would nothave its off periods in such a span of years? Of course it must have, otherwise Bing would have been inhuman - just about the last charge anyone could level at Mr. C.

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"Stinkeroo" records apart, there's one word I dislike, and that is in the number "Rain" on the reverse of "Church Bells". The chorus of this number ends up with "Rain" repeated three times in an up-scale sequence (wwish I was a musician and could describe these things correctly!) which I find distinctly irritating. I hasten to add again that anyone else singing this song would have the same job in making t is sound melodious. Its just the musical construction of the song, I imagine. On the other hand, there is a very nice organ solo on both sides of this record - Buddy Cole. And in "Church Bells" there is a characteristic Crosby touch in emphasising one word to make the song. Listen to the way "proud" is sung. It helps to make the record, for quite honestly, both songs are a little trite at that.

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Anyone desirous of starting from scratch on a Crosby collection could do no better than start on, and plough through, the fifteen records issued in the BING'S HOLLYWOOD series, BING 1 to 15. There are not many moods of Bing missing from that collection of 189 songs. Taken from films, of course, they were by top writers, top bands, and covered most things from "Empty Saddles" to "Adeste Fidelis". What a delightful little song is "If I Were a Millionaire" from the Gus Edwards medley. The older Crosbyites have the advantage when listening to these albums of being able easily to picture Bing singing these numbers in the various film settings. As an additional bonus these records provide a colourful collection of Bing pictures - referred to elsewhere.

++oOo++

THEY COME AND THEY GO.

B I N G ' S I M I T A T O R S

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, so it's said, and ever since "Please" and "Here Lies Love" etc. burst on the world Bing has been easily the most imitated singer in the world. Mention of Ray Chappel in the last issue, the singer with a touch of the Bing's sparked off many thoughts and memories for me. Indeed, we all have a go at it from time to time - how does your "Blue of the Night" sound in the bathroom? It is Bing's own opinion that everyone who hears him thinks he can sing just like Bing. We'll allow Bing his foible, yet it may be one of the secrets of his phenomenal appeal - the ability to give everyone the impression there's nothing to it! But of course, that is a complete fallacy.

Any singer who makes a mark of any kind is immediately copied - Jolson, Matt Munro (work that one out!) Presley, even Gigli, for that matter. Mention has been made in these

pages of the regular Bing Crosby competitions that seemed to be held everywhere in the 30's - cinemas, theatres, ballrooms - and some very astonishing, in every sense of the word, performances were witnessed! The throaty "boo-boo-boo" efforts were being growled out everywhere, it seemed. Quite a few could make a fair show, as long as they sang a song like the two mentioned that they had heard Bing sing a hundred times or more. No one ever attempted a song in Crosby fashion, however, that couldn't diligently be copied from the original. And that of course exposed the weakness of all Crosby imitators - as indeed, it does today. But whereas most imitate Bing for their own amusement (or to their and ours amazement, quite a few have made a career out of it - often very successfully for a limited period. Perhaps the most famous of all - and the most authentic - as far as this country is concerned is of too recent and sad memory to write about. Enough to say that he was truly remarkable in that he proclaimed Bing as his hero and made no bones about trying to copy him. Of all the hordes that have attempted imitation of the Master, he was the only one to my knowledge who didn't pretend that he was setting a new trend - you know, the "Bing - who's he?" attitude so popular with other prominent imitators.

But we can leave the melancholy of that unhappy circumstance, for there has been humour as well. I remember a singer by the name of Len Young - I believe his career was pre-War. He had quite a pleasant voice, and after his first number would say: "You may notice a resemblance between my voice and Bing Crosby's. The main difference is that Bing gets £2,000 for one number - whereas I'll sing you 2,000 numbers for £1!"

I recently saw mention in the Collector of one Dick Todd, a Canadian, who was indeed a formidable Crosby imitator in the 30's - at least, I haven't heard of him since, and for me this mention was a real echo of the past. Possibly he is still singing, and it would be of interest if anyone has news of him. I don't know whether he performed in America or Canada, so little do I really know of him. But I did, more out of curiosity than anything else buy some of his records before the War. I remember "Time on My Hands", "The Singing Hills" and a most unusual number I've hrard nowhere else called "The Creaking Old Mill on the Creek". I remember this so well because of its opening lines:

"Crickets kiss and coo,
And robins rendezvous,
Somewhere beside,
The crooking old Mill on the Creek".

It was in a lilting waltz-tempo. Todd's Crosby-like tones were quite fair, but I never heard him sing anything up-tempo, or indeed, anything that wasn't easily "copyable" for an imitator. It happened concurrently in the States that there was/is a comedian (Red Skelton I believe) very much like Bob Hope in appearance and delivery, and I can clearly recall an act by Bing and Bob when the former said "Now you're doing a Red Skelton!", to which Bob Hope came back with"Yeah? - and you're trying to sing like Dick Todd!" Most of our readers will remember, also, that surprise appearance of Bing on B.B.C. when he said to Dave King: "Ah, you're the chap they tell me I sing like!" (When a guest of Rosie Cleeney).

As a coincidental footnote, when I was in Gibraltar (of all places) five or six years ago, I came across a sale of 78's, a real jumble sale with all sorts of labels and artists I'd never heard of in all sorts of languages. Among them, however, was a Dick Todd record - and once again, out of curiosity I bought it. The label was "Esquire", with a red and gold label, and as it was "Made in England", is probably well known to some of our members. The two songs are "You're My Easter Lily" and "You're in Love with Everyone". The arrangements are extremely "corny" and the songs a mystery to me. Although neither happen to be good "vehicles" for a Crosby imitator, nevertheless, the Crosby tone is still discernible, and I retain the record as a curio. If anyone would care to hear this performance by one of the best known imitators of Bing - I'm thinking of the younger ones - no doubt we can find some way of passing the record around - by post for instance. Let me know if interested.

So the imitators come and, in most cases, go, although it is true some stay longer than others. But thankfully, Bing has gone on unscatched and still the most laudable of singers to copy. Long may he stay.

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Finally, my Crosbyite friends, as I conclude there is no news as to whether we may expect "something for Christmas" in the way of a new issue. We are well catered for, however for the Yuletide season, and though it may be a little early, its the last chance to wish you, in print, Happy Christmas, with plenty of Crosby issues and "airings" in 1967!

"BING" presents a look at some of the press reports which accompanied the recent visit to the British Isles of Bing and Kathryn - without asking for it, Bing as usual made the headlines of the majority of the national newspapers, and for the obvious reason of repeats, we have abbreviated sections of some of the press clippings.

BING & KATHRYN

VISIT THE BRITISH ISLES

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL. AUG 25th;

Singer and actor Bing Crosby is to spend a week making a television film in Lakeland, it was revealed yesterday.
Crosby, who is travelling with his wife, will fly into Manchester on Monday, arriving at the lakeland town of Cockermouth, the following day.
With an eight man team of production workers he will make a television film on salmon fishing in Britain.
While fishing he will be guest of Lord Egremont of Cockermouth Castle, who owns some of Britains best fishing waters in the nearby River Derwent.
Crosby and the team will stay at the 300 year old whitewashed Trout Hotel in the town, which is in the same street as the home of poet William Wordsworth.
Staff at the hotel have not been told about the visit.
The film is being made by the American Broadcasting Corporation.

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION - 29th August
"Voice Of The People" - VHF and 261,m. at 6.10 pm.
Frank Murphy talked to Jake Kelly about Bing Crosby's visit to Cockermouth.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL. AUG 29th

The Road to Cumberland; Bing Crosby and his wife arrived at Manchester airport yesterday from America, Bing was on his way to Cockermouth to make a film on salmon fishing.

THE DAILY MAIL. AUG 29 "GOIN' FISHIN' BING FLIES IN WITH A SONG"

Bing Crosby flew into BankHoliday Britain yesterday singing "Gone Fishing", but somehow the years had dulled the memory, or it was the long tiring flight from San Francisco . Bing had forgot some of the words and had to be prompted. "Thanks" he said.
Bing seeks relaxation in his five weeks in Britain."A little fishing, some golf, and there are some two year olds in Ireland I want to see, I bought a couple as yearlings at Newmarket"
There wasn't a fan in sight when Mr Crosby and his wife Kathy arrived in Cockermouth last night.
"We weren't expecting him until tomorrow" said a dissapointed resident.
Bing had checked into the Trout Hotel, where his bedroom overlooks the river in which he will try his hand, then he went early to bed planning to 'rest up' before starting serious fishing tomorrow.

Here's Bing's TV clan—
Bev Garland, top left;
Carol, right; Diane
and buddy Frank McHugh.

THE DAILY EXPRESS. AUGUST 29th. GRANNIE FISHER'S VISITOR
BING DROPS IN ON NEWBERRY AVENUE

Grannie Fisher waited at the front gate of her £3 a week council home yesterday dressed in Sunday best and carpet slippers to meet her son's boss - Bing Crosby.
A car pulled up in Newberry Avenue, Heald Green, Manchester, and out stepped 62 year old Bing and his young wife Kathy.
Dozens of neighbours in the street crowded round as Bing warmly shook hands with 78 year old Mrs Fisher and after giving her a hug dissapeared inside for a cup of tea.
Bing made the unscheduled stop at the start of his six week holiday to Britain, because Mrs Fisher is the mother of his butler, Alan, 48, and he promised to drop in.
Fifteen minutes earlier Bing had flown in to a pop star welcome as hundreds of holiday makers at Manchester airport heard of his arrival from Hollywood.

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE. AUG 29th-BING ARRIVES FOR FISHING

Bing Crosby has arrived in the North to make a film on salmon fishing, and to start local anglers saying "Why Bing"
The answer is simple "The International Crosby Circle says "Bing is an active participant in many sports including hunting fishing and golfing"

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL. AUG 30th FISHERMAN BING OUT OF LUCK

Bing Crosby spent yesterday "just lazin' around" at Cockermouth in the Lake district. He had a trial run with rod and line but didn't catch a single fish.

DAILY SKETCH. AUG 30th IT'S BING GONE FISHIN'

Bing Crosby waited for the fish to bite yesterday and thought; This is the life.
The man who crooned his way into a multi million business empire was on holiday.
His visit to Cockermouth is partly a business trip, but business has to be kept in it's place "Everyone must relax, get away from the noise, the phones, the crowds" he said yesterday....So he took his rod and went fishing

DAILY MIRROR. SEPT 3rd BING IS BEATEN

There's nothing so unpredictable as fishing, especially when the quarry is salmon.
The most expert angler can spend fruitless days pursuing him. An example is the lack of respect northern salmon have been showing towards crooner Bing Crosby who is in Britain to make a film on salmon fishing.
Bing - that skilful fisherman - has been getting no cooperation from these fish, try as he may.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL. SEPT 3rd SINGIN FOR HIS SUPPER

Bing Crosby happily crooned "Strangers in the Night" as he landed an 8½ pound salmon yesterday. He played it for 10 minutes on the river Derwent at Cockermouth.
Bing still singing back at the Trout Hotel last night said "I was absolutely ecstatic when I hooked it. I sang to that salmon all the time.
I chose the fly myself - a muddler and I reckon it was my 10,000th cast since we began filming on Tuesday. It's one of the first flies I have selected without the experts advising me first - and for that I want a screen credit.
When his wife Kathy heard about it, she motored from her hotel to the river bank and later Bing gave the salmon away to a local farmer.
International fisherman Joe Brooks, Bing's film partner, also hooked a 7½ pounder yesterday. Mr Jack Winter, one of the production team said. "We have had bad luck all week but now everyone is happy. None more than Bing.

THE SUNDAY TIMES. SEPT 4th A CATCH-AND CHEERS FOR THE OLD GROANER

After a week of mounting tension in Cockermouth, a dramatic bulletin was flashed to the waiting world last night "I am very happy to tell you the trout have been biting" said the official spokesman for the American TV unit in the Cumberland town "Mr Crosby caught three and" --- he paused for added effect---"one of them weighed eight pounds"
It was a wonderful moment, not unlike the birth of a royal baby. It was also a lucky moment and a break for the decorous crowd of middleaged ladies who have been waiting on and off all week for Bing to wave and say "Gee, aren't you all lovely people" and head off for the River Derwent.
"Do you know whether he caught one please?" these polite Crosby fans kept asking members of the fishing party. Once they must have been bobby soxers, now they were wearing wellington boots and maxi-skirts to protect themselves against Cockermouth's habitual drizzle, as well as expressions of concern at the negative bulletins.
"It's been a wonderful trip, wonderful" said Bing, impressed like the rest of the unit making the fishing film by the fact that the hotel had installed an extra telephone overnight. "You British really get things done" said a cameraman sincerely". "The only problem" said Kathy Crosby, the crooners 32 year old wife "has been the, er, trout"

TWELVE HOURS...THEN BACK, WET, TROUTLESS

Gloom descended-every morning at seven they set out in the rain with innumerable rods and cameras. Twelve hours later they came back, wet and troutless. It all reached the stage when people were wondering whether the stuffed fish in the lobby - the hotel is actually called THE TROUT - had been imported from Scotland. Whether even the local fish did'nt want ABC Television to feature Bing in a colour film about the glories of Cockermouth.
In the pub opposite the house where Cockermouth's greatest son spent so much time being pensive, the ghillies were in a state of truly Wordsworthian melancholy. As far as a non angler could make out it was all something to do with the fish being off their food. "Mr Crosby's such a lovely man too" said the barmaid. "When he orders a drink, he offers to carry it himself"
Only the great man himself, who invented the expression, never lost his cool, "It's getting kind of hard work but they'll come" he told the woebegone TV men balancing his Homburg hat on the familiar jug ears and looking remarkably perky for a man of 62 with no fish. "Four thousand casts a day" said Mrs Crosby, in case anyone thought her husband had'nt been doing his best.

HE SAID IF HE WERE AS RICH AS SINATRA.....

Bing studied the baseball papers someone had brought, and he said if he were as rich as Sinatra he would have them flown in daily. Every one looked politely sad about times being so sad and hard and one longed for Bob Hope to appear and say "Poor old Bing, down to his last city"
"I've got an idea about the St Leger" said Bing craftily, "But if you print the name the odds will shorten". We never betray a confidence we said and left via the back way to avoid having to dissapoint the fans.
"The back alleys I've been down with this man," said Kathy Crosby, picking her way between empty bottles and crates. "You've been drinking a lot today" said Bing equably (in fact she had been working on a re-write of the final draft of a new book called BING AND OTHER THINGS
They went off in a haze of crosstalk and the next thing we knew the Cockermouth trout had decided to bite. "For the next film we go to Manila to shoot a kind of buffalo, man eating sea crocs and a reticulated 20 feet Python" said Mr Lorne Hossan, the producer, triumpantly, "No Mr Crosby won't be working on this film but we aren't worried. Compared with your English trout they'll be a pushover"

DAILY MIRROR SEPT 6th SALMON BEAT ANGLER BING

Bing Crosby left the salmon behind yesterday...and took with him a new stock of tales about the ones that got away - he plans a return visit to Cockermouth.

DAILY MAIL SEPT 6th FEW BITES FOR BING

You may be a millionaire and a world famous star, but if the salmon aren't biting, they don't bite for you either.
So Bing Crosby has found out at Cockermouth, Cumberland, and after a week of dissapointments he has called the shooting of the TV off, and will return to Cockermouth on September I2 for three days to complete the film.
As he left the Trout Hotel to motor to the St Leger at Doncaster, Bing said, "It has been a really enjoyable week though I would have liked to have caught more. But better luck next time"
Bing said last night at the Olde Bell Hotel, Barnby Moor, I6 miles from Doncaster, that he would not be attending the St Leger dinner tonight, because it was a men only function. He said; "I won't go because my wife does'nt know anyone in this part of the world and I just can't leave her on her own".
Asked who he would not be taking advantage of the offer of the use of the Royal box at Doncaster racecourse, he said, "Gee, I like to be with the fellows, I don't want any fuss, I just want to be an ordinary punter.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL SEPT 6th NOW BING CAN BE THE OLD GURNER

Bing Crosby, The Old Groaner, is to be asked to compete for the title of the World Champion Gurner", Yesterday, the organisers of the 687 year old Crab Fair at Egremont in Cumberland sent an invitation to Bing who is filing in the district.
The fair, whch is to be held next week has become famous for its gurning championship. The title is awarded to the man who pulls the funniest face through an old horse collar.
The organisers said "as Bing is in the area we will invite him as a special guest.
Mr Crosby, one of the worlds best known pipe smokers, will be asked to judge a pipe smoking competition.
A spokeman for Mr Crosby said,"normally, Bing would try to accept this sort of invitation, but it is possible he will be in Ireland when the fair is on.
The millionaire star left Lakeland yesterday, but he will return to Cockermouth On his way South to Doncaster to watch the St Leger, Mr Crosby and his wife Kathryn stopped at Greystoke Castle near Penrith to visit Mr Stafford Howard and his American wife. At one time she was a neighbor of Mrs Crosby's. They were joined by the Countess of Lonsdale.

DAILY EXPRESS SEPT 7th BING ALSO CASHES IN

On a much smaller scale Bing Crosby also collected" at the Doncaster meeting yesterday, and his presence there cost on-the-course bookies a small fortune.
The reason; a horse called CROSBY DON in the Doncaster handicap at 4.20. the coincidence was too good to miss, better than the wifes selection with a pin.
What did it matter that it was a 33-I outsider? it did'nt, hundreds backed it and even Bing himself put IO/- on it, and it romped home.
Said Bing,"I had to have a bet on a horse with a name like that"
Said one bookie, "Nobody gave the horse a chance although a lot of people started betting on it just because Bing was at the races. It has been an expensive day for us.

DAILY MAIL SEPT 8th THE ST LEGER PLUS "HONEST 'ARRY CROSBY"

A Bookie called Bing stood by a racecourse yesterday flushed with success and singing the odds - But among the punters, confusion. Honest Bing, the new punters friend just could not understand the tic tac signals at Doncaster on St' Leger day.
His odds ran erratically and as punters crowded round he shouted; "I'm laying seven and taking II" then clenthing his pipe and looking around for help, Bing Crosby decided to become an ordinary singing punter again before the betting became chaotic. The 62 year old singer had already made a modest killing on the first two races then Doncaster bookie Syd Oxenham asked his to try the other s side of the "fence"

NORTH SHIELDS GAZETTE SEPT 9th BING GETS GIFT FROM FANS

Bing Crosby's visit to the North of England to make a TV film on salmon fishing at Cockermouth presented a golden opportunity for members of the International Crosby Circle, the American star's fan club, to meet their idol.
The secretary, Mr Frank Murphy, of Lovaine Place, North Shields, led a party of members to Cockermouth where they met Bing and his wife Kathryn at the Trout Hotel.
The members presented Bing with an early edition of Isaac Walton's The Complete Angler and gave flowers to Mrs Crosby, after which they posed for photos before leaving the hotel.

THE UNIVERSE AND CATHOLIC TIMES SEPT 9th BING CROSBY SENDS £300 TO A HOME

Bing Crosby has sent £300 to the Brothers of St John of God, who look after almost 400 mentally handicapped boys at Drumcar, Co Louth.
The Brothers had asked Bing to be guest star at a concert in their home. He was unable to fit it into his programme, so he sent a cheque for the amount he estimated the Brothers would have gained by his attendance.
The cheque was handed over at Drumcar by the American Ambassador, Mr R Guest.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL SEPT I5th BING - THE GUEST IN ANCIENT CASTLE

Bing Crosby and his wife Kathie returned to the Lake District yesterday as guests of one of Cumberlands oldest families.
They were invited to stay with Mr Stafford Howard whose family have lived in the I2th century Greystoke Castle, near Penrith, for more than 800 years.
The invitation came because Mr Howard's wife, Gracia, is American and from the same town as Mrs Crosby.
"Although my wife and Mrs. Crosby do not know each other, they both have a lot of mutual friends in Virginia. They have a lot to talk about" Mr Howard, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk, said yesterday.

Mr Crosby left Greystoke Castle yesterday to go to the River Derwent, near Cockermouth, 30 miles away, where he is making a film on salmon fishing. But the trip was in vain.
A spokesman said "we had to stop filming because of bad light and because the river is too high"
The return of Mr Crosby and his film crew made a dream come true for a flower seller, Mr Alex Wilson who travelled the I00 miles from his home in Johnson Court, Sunderland to Cockermouth to meet Mr Crosby.
They met for 20 minutes yesterday in the Trout Hotel where Mr Crosby was passing the time after it became to dark to film.

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL SEPT I7 BING CROSBY LEAVES COCKERMOUTH

Bing Crosby and his wife Kathryn left Cockermouth yesterday after Bing had completed the outdoor scenes for the TV film he has been making for an American TV film company on salmon fishing.

COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:

DON'T MISS THE SPECIAL SOUVENIR SET OF PHOTOS WHICH ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH THE I.C.C. EXCLUSIVE BINGPICS SERIES

MANY OF THE EXCITING EVENTS OF THE COCKERMOUTH MEMORABLE VISIT ARE CAPTURED IN THIS UNIQUE SET.

COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:COCKERMOUTH SPECIAL:

PRESENTED BY JIM DAVIDSON of Scotland

WHAT KIND OF GUY IS THE BING BEHIND THE "BOO BOO"

by.....Jim Gibney.....

Way back in the early 30's when the word "star" still had the magic glow of the heavenly - or should I say celestialial bodies, I enjoyed the friendship of the then darlin' boy of Hollywood.
He was Irish-American singer, Morton Downey.

Whenever Mort came on a theatre tour here, I could always count on a letter saying "I'd like to meet you at the -----railroad hotel. So when the summons came to meet him in Glasgow I went along, -

And Mort, former starred singer of the world famous Paul Whiteman Orchestra, told me about the 'new boy', the feollow who had followed him into the King of Jazz outfit, and from there to Hollywood --- Told me!!! --- It was more like a rave notice

This phenomenon? A casual, carefree character with gold-lined tonsils called Harry Lillis Crosby. To you, BING. Soon I got that rave complex too.

All sorts of oddballs described just how he got that tone. One in profound medical language, even attributed it to a disease on the vocal chords; As Churchill might have said; "Some disease; Some vocal chords"

F r whatever the reason, they've made more millions for Bing than you could shake a stick at. And, at an age when most men are happy to be grandpa's, Der Bingle is still being a daddy - and a star.

Now what kind of guy, is the Bing behind the boo-boo....I'll tell you.

He's the most down to earth, friendly, even humble guy you're ever likely to meet in a days march - the last time I saw him was towards the end of the war when he came via Scotland to give some concerts to the GI's in France. - The big treatment??? - The snazzy dress??? The 'keep off' army of handlers??? - NO-;

A rumpled sports suit, a felt hat curved on the back of his head, a pipe in the corner of his mouth, and that everlasting boyish quizzical look. Interviewing Bing was like talking across the fence to the bloke next door - matey, easy, informative.

But, before I wind this up, I'd like to give you an insight of what Bing thinks of other people - I'd been asked to run a charity concert and a number of very talented youngsters were giving of their time and ability without thought of payment, not even bus fares - How could I give them a boost? - Got it!!! - I se nt a message to Bing telling him of the fine job the youngsters were doing for this show and how I thought they'd be thrilled to bits if Bing sent them a message praising their efforts for the old and sick - No Money, Just a message.

Back came one of the most heart-warming messages to the youngsters I have ever read - a message which finished "I ONLY WISH I COULD BE THERE HELPING YOU OUT". and knowing Bing, every word of that was meant. In the second instance a friend of mine who works for the blind wanted to get some braille prayer books and bibles for his people. At that time they could only be obtained in USA, so my friend asked if I thought Bing might give the idea a boost there - I told him to write. And back came a parcel of that literature to bring prayer and joy into the heart of many a blind person - WHO PAID FOR THEM? - that man BING -J.G.-

** LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
** a few of the newsy comments from the letters file
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Mr H Likover, writes from 45 Primrose Avenue, Blackpool, England.
"Can any member help me obtain a recording of Bing singing AUF WIEDERSEHN MY DEAR from the early Mack Sennet short of the early 1930's?"

George Smith writes from 5 Exley Rd, Keighly, Yorkshire, England.
"Just a line to thank you for arranging the meeting with Bing, it was something I had dreamed about but never imagined happening. We hope to meet you when Michael Crampton has his meeting in Leeds in November, I'm sure we'll have plenty to talk about.
I urgently require a copy of the Bing recording THE SECOND TIME AROUND, and wonder if any member can help me with this one."

EDITORS NOTE: It was great to have you and Renee in the Cockermouth party George, and certainly look forward to seeing you again at Michaelsin November

Raymond Elliot writes from 5 Churchlands Rd, Coleraine, Co Derry, N Ireland
Many thanks to you and everyone else for the great July issue of "BING", how I am looking forward to the October issue.
I have been a fan of Bing's for a long time now and after watching him on BBC TV in THE ONE AND ONLY BING from the series HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS on August 22nd, I felt very proud to be in his fan club - also just about 6 weeks ago I saw two of his early films for the first time MISSISSIPI and BIRTH OF THE BLUES on Eire TV, this was the MASTER at his best.
I was interested in the news in the July "BING" that Irish Correspondent John Jones was organising a blazer badge for the club, I'm looking with great interest to news about these.
In closing my thanks to you for the great club magazine, may it go from strenth to strenth."

Arthur Farrants writes from 9 Pound Lane, Filby, Nr Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk, England.
As a new collector of Bing Crosby recordings, I wonder if any member can help me to obtain tape dubbings of certain records, also dubbings of parts of radio shows and TV shows - I also require clour photos of Bing - please write to me at the above address."

Bob Machliss writes from 22/6 Redan St, St Kilda, Victoria, Australia.
"In a recent issue of "BING" I read of the existance of another Crosby magazine called CROSBY COLLECTOR - I'd like to subscribe to this, could you supply any gen"

EDITORS NOTE: THE CROSBY COLLECTOR is published every month for the discerning Crosby admirer - members interested in this excellent and recommended publication, should write for further details to the editor RALPH HARDING, "CROSBYANA" 6 Castledine Rd, Anerley, LONDON SE20

Jack Souther writes from 2011-44th Ave, San Francisco, California 94116. USA
Members may be interested to learn thatBing's home is less than 15 miles from San Francisco and he regularly gets round to a number of local functions when he's at home, in early June of this year he appeared on a local TV Educational Channel in an interesting 55 minute interview"

Jim Hill writes from "Sapperton" Quietways, Stonehouse, Glos, England
"Members may be pleased to note that a number of BING'S HOLLYWOOD albums are available at 24/- each from The Record Shop, 3 Byres Rd, Glasgow WI Scotland - members should write asking which volumes they have left for sale.

Because of pressure of space, due to the British press coverage on Bing and Kathryn's visit, members letters have been limited for publication, an enlarged section will appear in the next issue of the club magazine.

I.C.C. NOTEPAD

Bits and Pieces of Crosby Interest including members tit-bits - honorable mentions - club offers - recommendations

The Secretary of the ICC wishes to record the clubs deepest appreciation to DON WOOLLAND for his tremendous services to the club during the visit to Cockermouth of Bing and Kathryn Crosby - the group photos and other poses were photographed with great skill by Don - Bing himself expressed the sentiment "Good photographer"when I presented him with a set of the photos taken by Don on August 31st, on Sept 3rd.

THE DAILY MAIL BOOK OF GOLDEN RECORDS - 374 pages containing the story of 1100 discs that have sold over 1,000,000 copies - Bing presented fully and as the worlds leading disc star - Copies of this magnificient volume are available direct from the ICC, c/o Frank Murphy at 17/6 post paid British Isles; 21/- Australia and Commonwealth, 3 dollars 50 cents, USA; Closing date for orders December 10th.

Special thanks to Scottish member Jim Davidson - it was nice to receive from Jim a bumper package of great photos of Bing - a letter from Jim arrived at the home of Frank Murphy on Wednesday morning August 31st - Jim asked if Frank had an autographed photo of Bing to spare - what a golden opportunity this presented as Frank was seeing Bing personally that very night - looking around for something to take to Cockermouth, he located the sheet music for KENTUCKY BABE as supplied by Reg Bristo for the photo in the July BING - so Reg will be pleased to note that Jim got this sheet music personally autographed "To Jim Davidson, Bing Crosby, Cockermouth 1966" and your Secretary knows just how much Jim treasures this document.

THE MAX STEINER MUSIC SOCIETY, c/o Jack Docherty, 63 Underwood Rd, Paisly, gave a nice mention of THE INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE in the very interesting Newsletter for Sept/Oct 1966.

Clubmember Lee Blatt of Philadelpia, USA is sending over some Movie sheets and stills of Bing movies - we're looking forward to these Lee, and thanks.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON displayed great ability in his handling of the auction of Bing books in the July "BING" - I know that the sale of one book in particular, thanks to Mikes careful handling, has done the ICC a power of good public relationship-wise

Frank Murphy expresses thanks to JOHN JONES for his continued happy tapesponding, and also for the songs, especially composed and delightfully sang for his little ones; John also continues to represent the ICC to the fullest possible extent in Ireland - now happily re-united with our other buddy Jack Osborne - nice to have you back Jack.

Two years ago, Newcastle pal Billy Bell emigrated with his family to Australia, he has now returned to England, and we're delighted to have you back Bill and family, but Bill left Australia with a great send off from Keith Hyde and his family - thanks Keith for this personal touch.

BALL PENS - personally engraved in gold INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE - A John Jones Project, supplies available from John Jones-Ireland and Frank Murphy-England at 4 for 3/- post paid, or 8 for 5/9 post paid - USA send 1 Dollar for 8 pens - and Commonwealth countries send 1/6 extra for same supplies as British Isles quoted price.

THE INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE is at present being advertised in FILMS AND FILMING, EXCHANGE AND MART and the Irish TV POST - plans are being made to advertise in one of the leading Tape Recording magazines and to tie up with the October issue, other advertising plans are being made - a long running advert in the popular magazine, VINTAGE JAZZ MART. Spare supplies of the clubs introduction forms are available from the Secretary, free of charge, please send for a supply and distrib- these among your Crosby friends.

"BINGPICS"
a unique special "souvenir set"

To commemorate the unique event of having Bing and Kathryn visit the British Isles during the month of August/September, 1966, the ICC is proud to be able to offer registered members the following special souvenir set of photos. This special set appears by courtesy of DON WOOLLAND, LESLIE GAYLOR, JACK SHAW, JIM DAVISON, LES PHYTHIAN and FRANK MURPHY.... The closing date for orders is DECEMBER 10th - please order direct from JOHN MAUGHAN... using the number in the left hand corner. *

*44. Souvenir Set. BING AND KATHRYN VISIT ENGLAND. 1966 -; 14 photos - size 10" X 8"

(1)..Cockermouth..Bing at riverside.
(2).. " ..Bing walking away from riverside.
(3).. " ..Kathryn in hotel grounds - sightseeing crowds in the distance.
(4).. " ..Bing, Kathryn, Frank Murphy.
(5).. " ..Don Woolland, Michael Crampton, Kathryn, George & Rennee Smith, Frank Murphy - back row; Duncan Mc Lean, Bing, John Maughan.
(6).. " ..Jim & Hazel Moore, Michael Crampton, Kathryn, George & Rennee Smith, Frank Murphy; back row; Duncan Mc Lean, Bing, John M'
(7).. " ..Kathryn - a delighteful pose. photographed by Don Woolland.
(8).. " .. a unique photo of Bing's personal letter to the I.C.C.
(9).. " ..Bing & Les Phythian, photographed by Frank Murphy.
(10). " ..Bing, a solo pose by Les Phythian.
(11). " ..Kathryn with Leah Shaw, photographed by Jack Shaw.
(12). ---- .."honest 'arry Crosby" The St Leger, Doncaster.
(13). ---- ..Doncaster Golf Club - Bing tees off
(14). ---- .. " " " - Bing shakes his partner's (Ernest Chapman) hand.

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Please note - all orders must be pre-paid by the closing date - prices are;-

BRITISH CURRENCY: 52/-. DOLLAR CURRENCY; 8 Dollars.

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Due to pressure of space we regret that LESLIE GAYLOR'S "Information Corner" has been held over until our next issue - in the meatime we have special pleasure in printing the following letter from Les to the editor;

Dear Frank,

Many thanks for your great interest in that I might be successful in meeting Bing - Luck did not come my way this time, despite a prolonged effort on my part, but like other members I hope I am successful on a future visit.

Delays prevented Bing's planned visit to London which was scheduled for Sept 18th and worst of all I missed him when he was at Goodwood Races on Sept 12 and also when he spent a weekend in West Sussex prior to going to Goodwood.

However on the very day Bing left for home he sent me a postcard from Scotland, as follows,

"Dear Leslie, A variety of things prevented our visit to London and now we're leaving from Prestwick on Tuesday for America. Sorry we missed connections - yours Bing Crosby"

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EDITORS NOTE:

It was a great dissapointment to me personally that Les and many other great admirers missed Bing during his recent British Isles visit and I share Les' hope that success comes everybody's way on the next occasion.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON'S "BRITISH REPORT".

Dear Crosby Friends,

There is much news to report this time, the most exciting of which is BINGS visit to our shores and the meeting which eight of us had with BING at his hotel at Cockermouth. My report of this happy event is given below.

At Last. At Last. As Last I meet BING by Michael Crampton.

Miracles, it is often said never happen, but they do, as my friends George and Rennie Smith of Keighly and myself will testify to the contrary.

Wednesday the 31st. of August was the happy day when the three of us in company with five other members from Newcastle met and talked to BING and his pretty wife at the Trout Hotel, Cockermouth, I do not think that any of us have yet recovered from the occasion and to be sure, none of us will ever forget the 45 minutes we spent in BINGS company.

7-15 p.m. Wednesday saw our arrival outside the Trout Hotel, Cockermouth and we new we were in the right locality since there were crowds gathered outside the entrances to the hotel, the crowds waiting of course just to get a glimpse of the great man or his wife and some were brandishing autograph books in their hands. With George holding a record sleeve and myself a copy of the American "Call Me Lucky" we ventured through the main entrance of the hotel, making straight for the reception desk to enquire if Frank Murphy had arrived. THE receptionists reply was negative and to our complete surprise who should be sat immediately behind the door we had just entered but the One and Only BING and his wife. Since I knew BING was expecting Frank I asked him if he had seen Mr. Frank Murphy arrive; BING replied no and proceeded to condust us to the bar, where he said he would join us later. The three of us went to the bar and there met Duncan Mc.Lean and Jim Moore.

A short interval of time later, the receptionist came to us and asked if we knew a Mr. Peter Murphy since he was on the telephone and wanted to speak to someone. Duncan took the call and discovered that it was not our Mr. Murphy. At this very moment Frank and his party arrived and BING rose to his feet to shake his hand and introduce Mrs. Crosby. BING now unassumingly took charge of things and chaperoned us to the lounge cum bar. HE suggested that the ladies take seats and that the gentleman stand up, we obliged and then Frank introduced us enquired of some, "where have you travelled from?" to which of course my reply was Leeds and he retorted, "that must be quite some way", our conversations continued along this line and someone asked BING if he had had a good days fishing, HE replied that it had been a better haul than the day before. To another question about the Road to Singapore BING replied with characteristic modesty, "Oh! I did hear that the film had been shown on T.V."

The ladies meanwhile were avidly engaging the attention of Mrs. Crosby and I made an interuption to ask Cathy how she felt about having to continually meet crowds as she went about with BING. She replied that back home where the Crosbys lived people resented there privacy being invaded and the treatment they received was much the same as anyone else. Away from home however, she said that BING most certainly did not like crowds and that he was much happier meeting small groups of friends such as we were. She made the point that BING could not be approached unless he wanted to be and this was usually by invitation. Cathy herself however seemed to be quite happy meeting all these people.

BING meanhile had been doing some more talking and also answering the telephone. I asked him if he would sign my copy of "Call Me Lucky" and he willingly obliged asking as I passed him the book "What's your first name" I also enquired of BING, are you going to write a sequal to your book? BING replied a definite no and said that Cathy would be doing all the writing, she is of course writing a book called 'BING and Other Things'.

Throughout the time we were with BING he kept having to leave our company to answer telephone calls, on the return from one such jaunt he asked each of us what we would like to drink, he duly took note and went to the bar to order, a few minutes later the drinks arrived and each of us in turn were handed our glass by BING., we raised our glasses to him and drank the most unforgettable drink of our lives. I remembered at this point that I had a cartoon to show BING which had been cut from my local paper, and he was so amused, that after showing the cartoon to his wife he put it in his pocket and said that he would take it back home. The cartoon depicted two long haired youths reading a bill board which read BING arrives in England. The caption read, DOn't know perhaps he is the Japanese AMbassador.

Don Wolland presented BING with two curiosities one of them being a 106 year old copy of Izaak Waltons, THE COMPLETE ANGLER. BING said that it would make a nice addition to his book shelf and then presented the items to his wife. An interesting insert in the book was a book mark inscribed with the words TRUE LOVE. the marker Don explained to BING was as old as the book. Don asked if we could be photographed with BING, BING consented and we proceeded to the front entrance of the hotel but quickly came back inside as BING saw the oncoming crowds. At the back door the crowds again began to merge on us to BING said "We will fool 'Em come inside and take the photographs." We closed the door to the crowds and Don took charge at the camera, someone then relieved Don in order that he could be included in the pictures, and our picture session was then complete.

Back to the lounge now and a little more conversation with our idol and his wife. A lady not of our party interupted at this stage and said that her little girl enjoyed BING singing Rudolph the Red Nosed REindeer, BING moved near to the little girl and sand a few bars of the song, a jesture I feel sure was perfectly typical of him.

Time by now had caught up with us and BING indicated that he had a production meeting to attend and therefore he must leave us, he and his wife shook hands with us and so ended one of the most unforgettable days of our lives.

BING throughout those 45 minutes had been kind, perfectly unassuming and willing at all times to answer our questions. To me he seemed that living legend that we have all come so accustomed to living with but he managed to keep an air of slight detachment throughout the evening. Cathy was very talkative and seemed at home with us all the time.

So thank you Bing and Cathy and Frank Murphy for amking this one of the most unforgetable days of my life. Thank you too, Rennie and George for having me stay the night and giving me the lift to COCKERMOUTH. George had waited nearly 25 years for an opportunity to meet BING.

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Even apart from the wonderful news of BINGS visit the news has been good in other directions:

Monday 22nd. of AUGUST saw a reshowing of B.B.C.S Hollywood and the Stars. This was the first time for me and I was thrilled to see BING acting and singing in those early films. this was the first time I have seen the really early BING and I realised what I had missed. The script I thought was well put together and accurately portrayed BINGS life in the time available.

Sunday 28th. AUGUST. brought Road to Hollywood to our screens and of course BINGS good 1939 voice. This was another first timer for me and for my money the best road film I have het seen, although I must confess that I have not seen Road to Morroco (Being a young BING fan has its disadvantages I think you will agree)

In view of this glut of BING on T.V., I feel, under obligation to write a letter of thanks to them, if you all do the same I think they will look kindly on us in the future?

Weymouth member Ken Moore visited me a few weeks ago and we talked the evening away around our favourite subject, Ken is a merchant seaman and he came up to see me from Hull. He joined the circle about a year ago and he told me that he only wished that he had known about the society many years before. (How many more must there be like this)?. Ken would like to see a complete list of available L.P.s. and E.P.s. by BING, any chance FRANK?

On another page Frank prints a list of the lucky winners in the raffle and by now they have received their prizes.

That's it for this trip friends, till January best wishes to all,

MICHAEL.

CONTRIBUTION from TASMANIAN correspondent- - - - - - - - - - - - HENRY HOLLOW.

A DECADE OF BING CROSBY ALBUMS

Part 3.

ALI BABA./ A CHRISTMAS STORY./THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. Music wise, these albums are superior to most childrens recordings and would have achieved greater popularity had they been issued for a better known label. the songs also needed extra promotion on e.p's. To the discographer they have been a problem. Their origin not being well known. Even the manner in which they were released has varied in each country where they were issued. They indicate that Bing could get by as a narrator without ever singing another note, but the singing here does help.

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.

The amount of work and the calibre of all who participated in making this album gave this set the initial impact which is required these days to sell a recording. However the merging of Bing's talent with that of others, does not lead to repeated playing of the disc. But now something of a follow up on the creations of Crosby and Clooney has come out on the Capitol label, giving fresh interest to this earlier combination.

HOW THE WEST WAS WON.

This was an impressive two disc series, in which Bing compared favourably with all the artists who contributed tracks. He seems to have enjoyed his part here. This is noticeable in the songs with Rose Clooney. It seems a pity that Bing has not given more attention to folk music. He could have shown some of the colourless people who purvey this type of music, how it should be done. Readers may have ideas on how this might have worked out.

EL SENOR BING.

With this album, we seemed to have reached an all time low spot. The faults to be found do not all rest with Bing. The poorly recorded Australian pressing gives emphasis to the persistent unvaried beat of the Billy May combo. The songs were intended to be standards, but the unvaried presentation made them sub-standard. The only glimmer of hope was in Bing's full voiced version of "Marta". Judging by the sleeve illustration even the record company despaired on this one. Dare I ask what readers would like to have seen done with this album?

BING & SATCHMO.

Here, with the aid lf Louis, some really old jazz works have been dressed up in modern styling and some more modern lesser items have been identified with this jazz form. With albums like this, the pleasure of the listener is secondary to the pleasure derived by the performers. To me their rendition of "Sugar" makes up for anything the rest of the sessions lacked.

HOLIDAY IN EUROPE.
In the time which elapsed between the resording of four of these tracks, and the remainder Bing seems to have lost track of their objective. Somehow some of the more obscure song titles included here failed to capture the holiday spirit. I feel the series could have been lightened with the better known "Milord" and "Volare". You might suggest other amendments.

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T H I S M O N T H S "S T A R L E T T E R" - COMES FROM ALBERT CAMPBELL

28, Bellister Grove,
Fenham,
Newcastle upon Tyne,5.

Dear Mr. Murphy,

I am writing - rather belatedly I'm afraid - to record my appreciation of your magazine 'BING'.

When I decided to join the I.C.C. some 5 months ago I little relised that I would be caught up in such a tidal wave of expert knowledge and enthusiasm. In fact, after reading the first three issues of 'BING', I feel completely overwhelmed - because - believe it or not - I do not even possess a record player at the time of writing! You may think this a very odd confession from a self-styled devoted admirer of the one and only Bing for about 27 years. Believe me, I AM just that. Nevertheless it has taken your magazine to bring all of the old enthusiasm to the fore again.

Sometime around 1939 I first became a Bing addict and I started collecting a few (DISMALLY few I'am afraid) records which I played on my mother's ancient gramophone. Came the war - and a lot of studying and domestic changes during the years immediately after it ended. The gramophone went to the scrap heap and - alas - was never replaced.

I did nothing about it - probably because one could hear Bing on one radio programme or another just about every day of the week in those days - and of course in films. I felt - as many others must have felt - that Bing was always around - and always would be. He still IS of course - very much so, as your magazine illustrates - but it is only in the last few years that I have come to realise that the magic voice is not so easy to come by if you don't have a record collection and player.

I do not doubt that there is quite an army of folk around who could tell a similar story.

However, I am sure you will be pleased to know that I am now going to try and build up a real collection of the maestro's records - thanks to your fine magazine and your own so obviously tremendous personal enthusiasm and knowledge. In fact, I think you deserve a commission from a certain local radio shop because I have just ordered a quite handsome stereogram as a direct result of my joining the I.C.C. !

I am sorry I did not attend your meeting in June but I shall certainly try to be present at the next - assuming of course, that 'L' - collectors are allowed in!

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EDITORS NOTE.

IT'S GOOD TO NOTE YOUR COMMENTS AND APPRECIATION ALBERT - WE CAN IMAGINE TOO THE EXCITEMENT YOU WILL EXPERIENCE IN RE-BUILDING YOUR "BING COLLECTION" BEST OF LUCK IN YOUR QUEST TO "GET GOING" AGAIN.

ADDITIONALLY, "L" COLLECTORS ARE MOST CORDIALLY WELCOME AT NO. 23 - SO DON'T MISS THE MEETINGS SCHEDULED FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

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M E E T I N G B I N G A N D K A T H R Y N. - By Don Woolland.

31st August, 1966.

Frank Murphy, John Maughan and I journeyed to Cockermouth, Cumberland, to meet up and exchange greetings with Bing and his wife, Kathryn, who were staying at the Trout Hotel. Bing was in the area making a film on salmon fishing, on the river Derwent, for NBC TV.

After a three hour trip, we arrived outside the hotel and met fellow members - Jim and Hazel Moore of South Shields, with their little boy Kevin, Michael Crompton, and George and Renee Smith from Leeds, and Duncan McLean from over the border - Alloa in Scotland.

Bing already in view - sitting with Kathryn in the hotel's lobby got up as we entered and shook hands, introducing us to Kathryn, who acknowledged our greetings charmingly. It was good to see Bing looking particularly fit and bronzed.

We all went into the lounge, where Bing asked us what we would like to drink - even young Kevin being included. 'What you haven' Kevin,' enquired Bing.

We raised our glasses to Bing and Kathryn. Bing in turn raised his glass to us.

In the meanwhile, somewhere a phone was ringing, and sure enough the call was for Bing. Yes, a busy man - everyone wanting to be in touch.

Kathryn seated by a window, chatted to the members wifes. The topics ranging from education grades in America and Britain to news of the Crosby boys. It was good to hear they were more settled these days. Philip for instance, was no active in television production.

Bing back on the scene once again, got down to the business in hand which also included signing photographs, L.P's, and copies of 'Call Me Lucky'.

The, on behalf of the members gathered, we presented Kathryn with a bouquet of flowers, and Bing with an early edition of Isaac Walton's 'fisherman's bible ' - The Complete Angler. With the book went a little hand embroided book-mark bearing the words - 'True Love,' which was of equal antique interest - going back to the middle of the last century. Bing said that the book would go into his library. We also give Bing, a curio from the days before pictures moved via a strip of celluloid - a hand painted slide that provided a moving picture by means of two pieces of glass with a lever to adjust them.

We mentioned to Bing that George Raft on a recent BBC radio programme, had said some nice things about their early days together. Bing smiled, and recalled that George had been a good friend since the Paul Whiteman days in the 1920's.

On the TV film, Bing said that another in the same series, which was centred on showbiz sportsmen, featured Phil Harris, also a keen fisherman.

A hotel guest asked Bing if he would sing a bit of 'Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer' for her small daughter. Bing obliged, and those few bars were a revelation - the deep resonance being particularly noticeable.

We asked Bing if he would like to pose for a group photograph. Bing agreed and suggested that out in front of the hotel would make a good spot. But outside, a large crowd of enthusiastic locals, eager for a look at the living legend, surged forward. 'Here they come,' chuckled Bing, and back into the hotel we scuttled.

Bing then suggested that we try another position, to the side of the hotel. This time, Kathryn ventured out first - and again the crowd surged forward. 'Kathryn, Kathryn, Katrina .... come in,' urged Bing. "They'll come there too".

Inside was eventually considered the best and safest place for picture taking, and after getting flash equipment together, plus instructions from Bing - 'Big ones to the back.' The photographs were taken.

Back in the lounge, after hand shakes and goodbyes, our meeting was over. In all 45 minutes of Bingtime - a wonderful, never to be forgotten occasion.

-o-o-o

He said he could play only nine holes, "because I've promised my wife I'll be back early."
Off we went ... Bing, "Ern" (as Bing called him), and me.
On the way round, we collected men, women, children, club officials.

ALL SQUARE

Looking back I can't imagine where they were hiding when we started.
But by the time we reached the ninth there must have been a score of watchers.
At the ninth Ern and Bing finished all square with 37 shots, two over par for the first half. "Wanna go round another couple?" asked Bing. "Sure," said Ern, getting into the spirit of things. "This time," said Bing, looking at the following, "we'll sell tickets." Round they went. Then Bing said: Wanna do it again?" And off they went for another two. Ern rather distinguished himself, I thought, by taking four strokes fewer than Bing in the extra play. Bing thought so too. Later he told me crowds didn't bother him. "In the States they wander all over the greens," he said, "particularly if you are playing with Arnie."
He meant Arnold Palmer, one of the world's greatest golfers. The whole morning had an air of unreality about it. I was expecting someone to shout "Cut!" and see Bob Hope emerge from a bunker.

People kept asking Bing to sign their cards, which he did with great good humour, assuring them: "It's no trouble; no trouble at all." Bing, incidentally, doesn't ACT on the screen. He's like that all the time. Nice bloke. At 62 he's in great shape. "And nine years older than me," Ern told anyone who would listen. In case you're wondering, Bing doesn't sign as he golfs. Neither does Ern.

MARY GRIFFITHS.

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STOP PRESSINGS
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Special news on club blazer badges;
The Crosby Collector Magazine;

THE INTERNATIONAL CROSBY CIRCLE "BLAZER BADGE" WOULD YOU LIKE ONE? if so, please let Frank Murphy know as soon as possible - we are about to tie up supplies for this unique project, by courtesy of John Jones, our Irish Correspondent.

The price of the blazer badge, which is of unique design coloured in blue and gold, is 2I/-, but send no money at this stage, only your initial order is required USA and dollar currency countries please note the price is 3 dollars 50 cents

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Our grateful thanks to Ralph Harding for his appreciated plugs to ICC and The I930's Record Society, in his latest issue of THE CROSBY COLLECTOR;, - Oct 8th, Members of the ICC, who are not yet subscribing to the C.C. are recommended to write to Ralph at 6, Castledine Road, Anerley, London S.E.20. - for further details of CC, or send IO/- for the next 6 issues (CC is a monthly publication - I8 pages of first class Crosbyana - the October issue carried excellent articles by Stan, White, Ken Mc Manus, Reg Bristo, Ralph Harding and Henry Hollow.

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Members of the ICC are cordially invited to join the fast expanding membership of THE I930's RECORD SOCIETY covering the golden record years and featuring articles on the leading entertainers of the great years of show business - the club magazine THE GOLDEN YEARS is edited by Reg Bristo and is produced for The I930's Record Society by the I.C.C. - write to Frank Murphy for a leaflet giving full club detailsm enclosing a stamped addressed envelope - latest issue of The Golden Years is now available from Frank at 4/- post free

THE LESLIE GAYLOR COLUMN

C O
R M
O M
S E
B N
Y T

II4, Medina Avenue,
Newport,
Isle of Wight,
England.

Hello Members,

I would like to start my piece for our 40th Anniversary issue by saying how exiting it has been to have our Hon President over here. To note his arrival on Television was indeed satisfying and it was nice to note also that Bing had brought his wife Kathryn with him for the visit.

It was dissapointing to note that Bing was out of the film ROCKET TO THE MOON, and one judged by this that a visit by him to our shores was perhaps out of the question.
Peter Evans of the Daily Express announced that Bing was out of the film owing to rheumatism. A couple of days earlier, "Alley Cat" of the New Musical Express also pointed out the fact that Bing was out of the film.

Not many days afterwards I came from work one evening at 7pm and awaiting me to open was one of the very familiar Crosby Office envelopes. I immediately looked at the end of the third page and noted it was signed by Bing. After reading it I came to the conclusion that it was one of the best letters I have ever received and it's contents neatly tie in with Bing's 40th Anniversary and his arrival here in England I would have had the letter three days earlier, but it had been returned for extra postage due.
I received the letter on August I8th and you will note that Bing was a good as his word re his mention that he might come here, for he arrived here on August 28th.
I loaned the letter from Bing to my long time 'pen friend' Derek Johnson of the N.M.E. suggesting he might be able to take bits out for publication - Derekhas often used 'offical data' from me, and naturally, a letter signed by Bing was very acceptable - and I was very pleased to see that most of the letter was printed in N.M.E. on August 26th, just two days before Bing's arrival here.
As the New Musical Express has sales of more than 200,000 copies weekly, and from the mail I have received, I can see it has been a most promising piece of publicity and quite the best I have ever been associated with.
The letter has been regarded as of a "matey" nature, and even top journalists like Dick Tatham wrote to e. Meembers may recall meeting Dick atthe late Bill Taylor's home in London some years ago.

BING CROSBY
HOLLYWOOD: I0th, August. I966.

Dear Leslie,

Well, the 40th Anniversary of my advent into the disc business is coming up, according to advices recently received by you. I did'nt have any idea so many years had slipped by. Docsn't seem half that long.
Maybe that's because the first five or six years, I only made to or three records.

I was coming over there to make a film in Ireland, but I'm now not in the picture and if I come, it will be in connection with some other business.

I have a couple two-year-old thoroughbreds in Ireland who might be getting ready to run in Septemberm and also some interest in the stallion Meadow Court, currently standing in Dorset.

I might do a little bit of work while there - the nature of which has not yet been decided.

I've just finished a couple Hollywood Palace shows - I'm doing eight again this year. The first two will be for release in the fall - I believe October and November.

I think they're two good shows. Sid Caesar is on both of them, doing one of his famous comedy sketches. I appear in one, and Dorothy Lamour in the other. We also have Jane Marsh, the young American girl who recently won the Russian musical competition, Vikki Carr, Bill Dana, Dorothy Lamour, George Burns, and a host of other acts - all of them very good.
I think they are two excellent shows. In color, of course.

I have also done an Andy Williams show - taped in late July for release in the early fall. Andy and I sang "In a Little Spanish Town" done in the Tijuana Brass style. then did a medley of some of the songs I've been identified with. We had a little conversation, too, and some jokes. I think it's a good spot. Andy seemed to be pleased.

In the main though, I've been fishing and traleling about and playing a lot more golf now that by bursitis has improved. There was a period there for a year and a half when I did't play at all, and believe me, it's great to be back on the links. No matter what I shoot, no matter how bad, I never complain, because the prospect a year ago of never playing again was a grim prospect indeed.

Mrs Crosby has been doing most of the steady work lately. She has just returned from eight weeks in the east doing the comedy "Mary, Mary".
She does this every summer - for the past six years - and enjoys it very much.
Sort of gives her an opportunity to keep her hand in the theatre.
She does good solid material and her reviews are consistently good - in some cases, unusually laudatory.

I'm grateful to you, Leslie, andto all the members for their loyalty and their support through the years. Please extend my profound thanks and warmest best wishes -

Always yours,

signed BING

BC:Im

Bing Crosby

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LES CONTINUES

I was also most delighted with the several great letters that Frank Murphy wrote to me giving me the great news that some of the Northern members had met Bing and Kathryn at the Trout Hotel, Cockermouth, this fine success for them is for me a great event that they will always remember,and Frank, as our hard working secretary has been duly rewarded for all his years of effort. I am looking forward most anxious to reading the full reports in this issue of "BING"

A card Bing sent me on Sept 4th reads as follows;

"Dear Leslie, I can't say for sure when I'll be in the London area. We've been delayed here by bad weather. I will be in Doncaster at the Olde Belle Hotel for 6-7-8 then I don't know. I'll let you know from here. But even my visit to Doncastor is doubtful unless we finish here...BING CROSBY"

So at the time of writing I hope I can meet the maestro once again and also that luck holds with the others.

I was also glad to accept Franks offer of Co-operating with himto write and issue Publicity Sheets relating to the 40th Anniversary of Bing's Recording Carecr, and in the limited spacc available, I hope we have covered some of the highlights of Bing's career.
Every members really ought to go to town from now on in various ways to boost Bing and plug the 'ol maestro's varied career.

At varying times people often write that they wished Bing would record more often, well we are allof this frame of mind, but it does appear that we can only console ourselves with our very own wishes.
I wrote a long letter once that Bing read with interest, and it was based on members wishes for Bing to record more than he did at the time and for the benefit of newer members I am re-printing Bing's reply, for it stands today as it did a few years ago when I got the letter - the reasons why Bing 'cut down' on recording has not altered.
Bing also mentioned to me at Shepperton Studios that albums are costly to make, and many people have got to be paid before the records are even pressed, so as he says you've got to be sure you are going to get your return.
Still my own humble opinion is that Bing has had enough of recording, but he'd do well still if he still retained the initiative to make new recordings.
It's the absence of 'newer recordings that make the average member of the public think he has finished with recording. Here's the letter from Bing.

Dear Leslie,

I'm very sorry that the discs you desire are not in circulation and not available. I am not really familiar with Decca's method of distribution, So I can't be of much help in advising you where they could be found.

As far as keeping current on recordings is concerned there's just no possibility of this at this time, Leslie, because the public interest in my recordings has waned to a point that it's futile to spend the time making records which just lay on the shelf.
I've had a long career recording, and I'm very grateful for all the good things that have happened to me, so it's easy for you to appreciate, I'm sure, that I'm not despondent about the apathy that exists.

There are thousands of record companies in this country now that they are little "fly by night" operators who cut records on spec with anyone at all - any singer - any artist - any musicians - take a quick flier at the market and if anything develops they go ahead with exploitation. It is quite hopeless to try and compete with these people. You just go along recording songs from pictures or issuing songs taken from old radio shows in the hope that one of them will catch on, but to try and go into active competition with this fierce situation is really ill-advised.

Am very pleased that you are still interested in what I do and I'm very grateful to you for writing.

As ever - Your friend

signed BING

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LES CONTINUES

Judging from Bing's remarks in this letter it looks as if we have just got to accept the situation, regrettable though it is. Occasional new recordings are all we can now expect from the maestro.

Reading the last issue of "BING" I was taken aback a little by the report that top collectors Jack Souther and Henry Hollow must have commented about a lack of real record collectors interest in our magazine "BING" and first of all it must be said that such information is not always easily obtained, and I take it that all our Top Collectors are just everyday workaday fellows going about our regular jobs.
Now this brings us to the point of where does one get the 'gen'. From my own experience it can come about only after much study, plenty of letter writing and

available time, and the neccessary postage money to carry matters out.
Record Companies are not always over helfful by a long shot in helping Mr Average public with recording data, they'll tell you they hav'nt the staff to spend time on such points, or that the neccessary information is only available for their private use.
Unless one has a friend 'in the know' things at times can be extremely difficult, in any case, Bing's semi retirement from the disc scene leaves little to comment on. Articles about Bings recordings can only be published provided members supply the neccessary data, that is, if they have it.

Just about everyone is desirous of getting Bing's many early recordings re-issued in album form, and I would like tosay that some years ago I often corresponded with representatives of English Columbia. At the time they held the release rights of Bing's recordings that had had previously been issued on the great Warner Brunswick label.
In reply toone request that they re-issue in 78 rpm form items like SHADOW WALTZ, THERE'S A CABIN IN THE PINES, MY LOVE, LITTLE DUTCH MILL, etc they sent back the following reply.

> The resurrection of matrices in our possession of Bing Crosby recordings is likely to be a long and complicated effort which can only be undertaken by our chief and most proficient technician, who alone has the skill for this work.
> As there are many other urgent matters constantly awaiting his attention, it would appear that he will not be able to return to the Bing Crosby matrices for some time.

This then is the answer why so many of Bing's original classics have as yet not been re-issued.

Whilst in nostalgic vein I have just been reading a book that came out about 1933 called LEARN TO CROON by BRAND LARKIN. The book tells all the tricks of the trade and offers much advice to would be crooners.
Passages of interest read.

> "At the top of the tree, as it is probably needless to point out, there is big money to be made; if ultimately you are able to sit on the branches beside SAM BROWNE, JERRY FITZGERALD, LES ALLEN, AL BOWLLY, PHYLLIS ROBINS ELSIE CARLISLE - perhaps even BING CROSBY, you can then be able to say that the climb has been well wort

Another passage reads.

> "A voice with broad, rich tones such as can be obtained by proper expansion of the pharynx comes through the microphone with very much better effect than the thin, reedy voice of the vocalist who keeps his pharynx contracted Bing Crosby of course is the supreme example of how deliciously broad and rich the voice of a crooner can be. With him there is no question of a contracted pharynx. The 'open throat' is evident in every note he sings. Bing Crosby's crooning is anexample of the lovely warm variety of light and shade that can be brought into the voice by sympathetic control of the pharynx.

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I really must put the matter right that has caused me a little worry, that is in my my last write up for "BING" I note I have the number incorrectly against the album BING WITH A BEAT - the correct number is RCA RD27032 - and it's still available.

Very thrilling for me was the news contained in Alan Lurics letter in the last issue that the BBC wil be showing HERE COME THE WAVES on Television later this year, I have enjoyed the songs from this film, more than any other. Bing put them

over beautifully. "I PROMISE YOU", a song with a short, but beautiful verse, fasinated me and its a lenthy singing scene too. "ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE" the duet between Bing and Sonny Tufts is for me the cleverest and trickiest duet ever sang on the screen, and brilliantly performed. As for "LET'S TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME" well, this I enjoyed above all others and I sang it to myself for years afterwards. "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC" was a great highlight too, this was done in a take off of Sinatra, and regrettfully, no commercial disc is available of this track.

I must exhort all members to KEEP THE BING FLAG FLYING as high as you can - singers not in the Crosby class have boosters by the score and unfortunately we hav'nt got people like Jimmy Young, Pete Murray, Alan Dell or Jack Jackson - the aforementioned play precious little to wet the apptite of of the Bing legions , but fortunately we do have a few rooters, who do play Bing whenever they can - people like Ted Ray Frank Chacksfield, Ralph Reader, Eric Maschwitz and others, including of course Ken Sykora.

RECORDING COMMENT

In the fairly heavy amount of correspondence I have with collectors and ordinary fans of Bing, very often the question of the manner in which he has been recorded has cropped up, and not neccessa ily and firstly by myself.
The covering of Bing's voice with too load accompaniment is an often mentioned fact but I wonder how many members read singer DICK HAYMES comment in the Melody Maker BLIND DATE feature dated Dec 21 1963 - here's what he said about;-

FRANK SINATRA/BING CROSBY/DEAN MARTIN in
"THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED" - PREPRISE.

> "Is that Dean? Is Bing with him? Sounds like a studio orchestra with them. I like it because I like both Dean and Crosby.. It's humorous and happy. But don't ask me if it's going to sell, I don't know.It's reminiscent of the stuff Bing and Frank did in HIGH SOCIETY - it's a nice record - I'd recognise that Crosby vibrato anywhere"

The headline for the article screamed "BING, DEAN---WHAT ABOUT FRANK?

Dick Haymes had recognised Bing and Dean Martin, but had'nt an inkling that Frank Sinatra was on the record - everyone knows of the wholly electronic sound created around this track, so much for the skill of the engineers concerned and I myself can't pick out Frank or Dean Martin as to which is which. Bing comes through easily

THE MASTERS SKILL

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* WHO IS MORE RELAXED THAN THE *
* GREAT BING WHEN PRESENTING *
* A SONG *
****

THE MASTERS SKILL

In my CROSBY COMMENT feature I give some brief passages from the early 1930's book LEARN TO CROON. As everyone is well aware of Bing's easygoing manner, his relaxation, and 'oh so easy' method of delivering a song, here then are a few amusing points for would be crooners from LEARN TO CROON, three points in fact.

(1) Don't raise your shoulders with every intake of breath, not only does it look ridiculously as though you were trying to fly but it means that your breathing is clavilular p the one method of the three in fact that must be avoided at all costs.

(2) Don't inhale in a jerky fashion, even a short, quick breath can be taken smoothly. If you gasp in air jerkily it will make a noise which through the microphone will sound like a noisy vacumn cleaner at work.

(3) Don't push in your stomack deliberately, if you do, the strain will eventually show on your face, if not in your voice. Remember that all the muscles should be as relaxed as possible.....

THE LESLIE GAYLOR COLUMN'S concluded

I've been asked by many members for information on how they can obtain;-

"BING SINGS WHILST BREGMAN SWINGS" I2" album re-issue
WORLD RECORD CLUB - Label T482

It appears that many members of the ICC are not able to find a friend who is a member of The World Record Club, in order that they could then obtain a copy of this Bing album. I would therefore suggest that they try their luck with a s.a.e. asking that they be allowed to buy this album - I'm sure that this approach may be successful.
In my opinion a notable feature about this album is the wonderful colour photo of Bing on the sleeve, the elderly and mature look of Bing as he is today. A great photo, the best of any Crosby LP sleeve - write too;-

The World Record Club Ltd
Parkbridge House - Little Green,
Richmond - Surrey - England.

Among the press reports covering the visit of Bing and Kathryn to the British Isles is an excellent one which featured a story about the golf match between Bing and Mr Ernest Chapman during the Doncaster part of the trip - this was reported at great lenth in the DAILY MIRROR and it also appears in this issue of BING - it was therefore a great pleasure to receive a wonderful letter from Mr Chapman himself, and I re-print it here for you all to read - I also hope it will be possible to feature one of the great photos taken at the event. This story closes my report for this issue. My best wishes to all members of the I.C.C. LESLIE GAYLOR

DAILY MIRROR OFFICE.....22nd Sept, I966.

Dear Mr Gaylor,

I have been asked to write a few words about my game with Bing Crosby, which, naturally, I am happy to do;-

I fell for Bing's magic when I saw his first talkie "Broadway Melody" in Melbourne, Australia, many years ago.

When asked to play a game with him, I could not believe it. The night before the match I spent a sleepless night. Up at 7 am, leaving my Sheffield Hotel, and driving from the first tee just after 9 am, without breakfast, Bing soon settled my nerves. He was wonderful - "We'll have a second shot from here if we are not happy about the first drive" he said.

Bing knocked his first ball 220 yards straight down the middle. Mine surprisingly near. The match was joined. Bing talked about his love of many courses in Great Britain, differences in green textures, what fine ambassadors American golf pros were on their visits for the Open and the Carling. It was like playing with one of my own club members.

I found his easy, smooth swing helped me to play well so we had a great game. When he suggested playing a few more holes, he made me fell that he had enjoyed it too.

I always thought Bing was a great man....Now I know he is,.

Yours sincerely,

signed Ernest Chapman

EDITORS NOTE: Once again my sincere thanks to Leslie Gaylor for supplying a real highlight feature for the pages of "BING"

Meet.....DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL
MARY FRANCES CROSBY - Bing's Only Little Daughter

She's almost three foot two, with eyes of blue and she even sings like Daddy Bing too, Well, everybody has got to see this little gal' for in a family of six boys, Mary Frances' feminine charm stands out like a sparkling diamond in a setting of soft gold. She's six years old now, smack in the middle of her two brothers, Harry jn 7 and Nathaniel, 4 - Bing's children with his present wife Kathryn Grant, and Mary Frances is the adored stepsister of her four older brothers, Lindsay, Gary, Philip and Dennis, Bing's four sons to the late Dixie Lee.

Bing married Kathy in I957 and the next thing you know he had his fifth son, Harry jn. By this time "Der Bingle" was sure he was destined never to be daddy to a little girl. But Lady Luck just smiled and along came Mary Frances and Bing has'nt stopped smiling since.

Being all girl, Mary Frances knows just how to twist herself into Daddy's favour too, not that he could deny her anything, anyway, except what is'nt good for her. Last year - though Daddy had to stay in Hollywood to work on a film, she got to go with her mother and brothers to the World's Fair in New York City, and in December Mary Frances made it behind the footlights - again, appearing with her mother in a production of PETER PAN along with the actor Michael Evans. So as a seasoned trouper, when she decided one day to visit 'Pop' on the 20Century Fox set where he was making STAGECOACH, Bing obligingly took her by the hand to watch the days shooting. It was an exiting day for a little girl - cowboys, indians and even a couple of 'play dead' dummies who were destined in the script to receive a tomahawk or two in their sawdust stomachs.

It was a special day for the brave males on the set too, for because every bad guy, good guy charactor who shook hands and said hello with pleasure to the little lady there was another arrow for the heart - for everyone around was smitten with Mary Frances Crosby, as is her daddy.

Watch out all you young men of I980, there's a charmer on the way.

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COCKERMOUTH - CUMBERLAND - SEPTEMBER 4th I966

Jack and Leah Shaw realised their ambition when with Les Phythian and FrankMurphy they talked to Bing and Kathryn at the Trout Hotel - for Jack it was the climax of more than 30 years, and to prove it he took along with him a letter received from Bing in I936 - Jack showed Bing the letter, and he looked at it, and laughed, " parchment" and handing Jack the letter back said with a mischevious smile "the Dead Sea Scrolls - Jack also will retain a happy memory of Bing going off to his dinner party with Jack's box of matches and Jack's favourite expression these days is 'have you got a light boy, have you got a light"

Here's the letter from all those years ago;

BING CROSBY - NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY - NEW YORK CITY - Feb 6, I936

Dear Mr Shaw,

Thanks for your letter and interest. I appreciate knowing how my efforts are received and welcome any suggestions.

My latest picture is ANYTHING GOES with Miss Ethel Merman, Charlie Ruggles andIda Lupino.

I am on the air every Thursday evening 7.00 pm Pacific Standard Time, National Broadcasting System, Kraft Program, for an hour show.

The picure you requested is being forwarded.

I hope my future efforts warrent your attention and approval,

Best wishes,

Sincerely yours

BC/gw SIGNED BING

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EDITORS NOTE:

It's interesting to note Bing's closing comment to Jack, "I hope my future efforts warrent your attention and approval" - and Jack's presence over 30 years later at Cockernouth in the actual company of Bing in person, must certainly have been a moment of great reflection for this great admirer of Bing Crosby.

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A REVIEW BY Frank Murphy of ===== JOHN RICHARDS =====

* IN ANSWER TO MANY ENQUIRIES WE ARE PLEASED TO BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU SOME DETAILS ON NEW ARTIST JOHN RICHARDS

Dublin born John Richards, like many Irishmen, has the gift of music and has worked for many years in Cabaret in the Bournemouth area, where he lives and works as a School Master and is a tremendous fan of the one and only Bing, and John has expressed his pleasure at the interest of Bing fans in his records.

On the record scene, John has so far had two releases;-

ORIOLE CB-3I2...FOLKS GET MARRIED IN THE SPRING/THEN I'LL BE THERE
POLYDOR BM-56705 I WILL GO AGAIN TO IRELAND/MIDNIGHT SKY

I have both of these excellent records in my collection, and for the benefit of members attending the meeting in LEEDS on Nov 20th, I willbring my personal favourite I WILL GO AGAIN TO IRELAND down to play for those who may not have heard John's delightful vocal on this number.

Also, and by special personal arrangment with John, I have sent copies of both of these discs over to Bing at the Hollywood Office, knowing Bing's tremendous admiration for the late, and much missed Michael Holliday, I'm sure he will appreciate John Richards stylis vocals..

John Richards is to cut another disc. in the near future, and we'll bring you further news when it becomes available.

EDITORS NOTE "SORRY ROY, BUT YOU'LL DEFINATELY MAKE IT NEXT TIME"

An article on another of my favourite entertainers ROY CHAPPELL, who is also a member of the ICC, and sings truly in the legendary Crosby style, has been queezed out of this issue - but together with a terrific action photo of Roy, it is definately scheduled for the January issue of 1967 ROY, I incidentally made an unsuccesful attempt to see Bing on his return visit to Cockernouth on September I2th, unfortunately for Roy, and an number of other leading members, Bing did not return to stay at the Trout Hotel, though he was still booked in there, but both he and Kathryn stayed as the guests of Mr Stafford Howard at Greystoke Castle - contact was virtually impossible - Roy shares his dissapointment with many other Bingites, and we all hope that anbitions will be realised next time.....

CLUB MEETING NEWS SUNDAY NOVEMBER 20th at 3.00 P.M.

AT THE HOME OF BRITISH CORRESPONDENT...MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Michael Crampton is pleased to announce a Club Meeting to be held at his home I LANGBAR SQUARE, WHINMOOR, LEEDS I4 (tele Leeds 642349) on Sunday Nov 20th, to open officially at 3.00 P.M. Many of the clubs leading members will be present, and we are pleased to publicise the tentative programme.

3.00pm...Meeting officially opens with early introductions.
3.I0pm...Radio Time with THE BING CROSBY SHOW from Philco - 5.Feb.I947
3.40pm...Some L.P. favourites
4.I0pm...Tape messages from some of our distant Circle friends.
5.00pm...break.
5.I5pm...Bing in the Krafft Music Hall.
6.00pm...Break for tea and more introductions.

6.30pm...The I.C.C. and it's future by Frank Murphy.
6.45pm...The I964 club meeting at Wallsend, as shown on BBC TV, plus a short dancing film obtained at great expence and featuring Murphy, Maughan and Robinson (this item is not to be missed)
7.00pm...Members requests introduced by Hon Member MICK DRURY.
8.00pm...Break for tea and discussion.
9.00pm...tape of THE ONE AND ONLY BING from HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS.
9.30pm...not yet programmed at the time of going to press.

In order that Michael can arrange the numbers to be catered for, will all members please note that you should write to Michael not later than November I4th with a 2/6 postal order to assist with the catering costs..
When writing, please list your two favourite Bing's, in order that a tape containing members requests can be pre-recorded.

THE NIGHT I MET MRS CROSBY.....by Hazel Moore

The time, about 7.30 pm, the date, August 3Ist, I966, the place, The Trout Hotel, Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. We had arrived in Cockermouth at 6.30 pm, and Jim, my husband, was quite excited at the thought of seeing his life-long ambition realized. Meeting Bing Crosby. I had come along just for the ride, but hoped also that I would get a chance to see Bing. I did not know it then, but the evening was to be one I shall always remember.

After standing outside the hotel with a crowd of people, mainly women and children, Jim said he would go inside the hotel to see if Frank, John and Don had arrived, and while he was away, I got my first glimpse of Bing who was standing at his room window. He gave the crowd a wave, then Mrs Crosby passed the window. Well!, I thought, at least I have seen them both and by this time Jim had come back and he suggested we go into the hotel for a drink. We went into the bar and sat our son Kevin in the lounge to tatch TV. We had hardly sat down when Jim saw Mr and Mrs Crosby pass the opening to the lounge. I heard Bing's deep voice and then heard Mrs Crosby laughing.

By this time, Frank's party had arrived and Bing suggested we all go into the lounge for a drink and a chat. I walked with the others into the lounge, and Bing proffered Mrs Crosby a chair, as I walked towards the other chair next to Mrs Crosby, Bing looked at me and asked "Are you with Mr Murphy's party". "yes" I replied feeling a little uneasy, but my uneasiness soon faded when Mrs Crosby held out her hand to take mine, saying "I'm Kathryn Crosby, who are you?". I replied "Hazel Moore and I am very happy to meet you Mrs Crosby". Mrs Crosby then asked about my children, how many I had, and how old they were. I then introduced Mrs Crosby to my son Kevin. "Hello Kevin" said Mrs Crosby, "and what grade are you in at school?" Kevin smiled shyly and said he did not understand, so I explained to Mrs Crosby the system used in our schools. after a while we both established that Mrs Crosby's son Harry jn

and Kevin, were in fact, in more or less the same grade.
Then Mrs Crosby introduced herslef to the other lady in the party, Mrs Renee Smith and asked her about herself and her family, It was at this point that Frank presented Mrs Crosby with a boquet of flowers, "Oh aren't they lovely" said Mrs Crosby, "And they are so big" - we then talked about flowers and Mrs Smith said she had a small garden of her own at home in Keighly, Yorkshire. Mrs Crosby became very interested and when Mrs Smith said she had some photos of her garden, Mrs Crosby asked her to bring them out so that we could see them. One of the snaps showed the garden in full bloom. Mrs Crosby looked at the snap, then named every flower on it, and she is obviously a real lover of flowers.

Michael Crampton then asked Mrs Crosby if the crowds who gathered to see Bing presented any problem. "No" Mrs Crosby replied, "Mrs Crosby would not allow it to become a problem. If a crowd waiting to see Bing, is too large, he would not sign any autographs, in case anyone in the crowd was left out and would be hurt or upset by not getting an autograph".

Another question asked of Mrs Crosby was whether she missed the children and she replied "Well, I have only been away a week, aay, in another month, I will really be able to say - I need a month to get ready to go back to Mary Frances".

I gathered that Mary Frances is quite a handfull, and like Mrs Crosby, although we all naturally love our children, it's nice to get a break from them now and again.

Mrs Crosby then talked about the book she is writing, BING AND OTHER THINGS, "I had an idea at 4.00am this morning, but I could not get up to put it down on paper. Bing has to get up early, so naturally I could not potter around in case I disturbed him. I have worked on the idea today, but I seem as though I just can't get it right"

The book has a chapter called HOW TO MARRY BING, which I think will make very interesting reading and I shall certainly add that book to our limited library.

Mrs Crosby went on to say that Bing encouraged her to write and indeed is very proud of her. "Of course" Mrs Crosby said, smiling, "Bing encourages me to write only to keep me off the 'road'". The road being the theatre, which brought the conversation round to show business. Mrs Crosby said she loved show business and all that goes with it and would not care for any other kind of life. When Mrs Crosby played in PETER PAN last Christmas, Mary Frances was also in the show, and she showed great promise. Harry Jn was with his father in THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE, and it is obvious that Mrs Crosby is very proud of her children as she went on to tell us about when she asked Mary Frances what she would do when she returned to school and the other children congratulated her on her performance in PETER PAN. Mary Frances replied "I say thank you for much". Then Mrs Crosby asked Mary Frances what her reaction would be if someone said she was not very good in the show, and Mary Frances replied "I will agree and say maybe I was not so good" Harry Jn on the other hand, had quite a different idea on what he would do, "I will go right up to the front of the class and say, how many people saw me with Bing Crosby in the HOLLYWOOD PALACE,?" laughed Mrs Crosby, remarking, "he's so fresh"

Mrs Crosby then talked about the older boys, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, and said they were all doing well, Philip, she said, had a wonderful voice, and Gary really was a dedicated showman. Philip and Lindsay were in the business side of Crosby Enterprises.

While we were posing with Mr and Mrs Crosby for the group photo in the hotel, Mrs Crosby was holding a copy of CALL ME LUCKY in her hand, and while we were getting ready to be 'shot' she was looking through the photos of Bing when he was a very young man, Mrs Crosby with a mischevious smile said "I don't think anyone will ever copy that style". We had our photos taken, then Mrs Crosby one on her own, and I noticed how poised she was, and it struck me she would make a perfect model.

With the photos taken we returned to the hotel lounge and Bing told Frank, that as he had a couple of phone calls to make to the States, and also a conference with the fishing team, our evening must come to a close.

I was very sorry, as I could have talked to Mrs Crosby all night. She is such an interesting person and a very good conversationalist. But all things, however good, must come to an end and after handshakes all round, I said "Goodnight and goodbye" to Mrs Crosby. I can only hope that I will have the pleasure of meeting Mrs Crosby again in the future, for Kathryn Crosby is a beautiful, witty and Intelligent woman, she loves Bing, likes people and obviously enjoys her life as Mrs Bing Crosby....

our thanks to Hazel for this delightful report

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BING BOOK AUCTION.....THE RESULT

We are pleased to announce the winners in our Bing Book Auction, which appeared in the July issue of "BING" by courtesy of Welsh member Brian Jones, under the direction of British Correspondent Michael Crampton.

(I) BING by Dr Mize.....	won by	Fred Reynolds	£5- 5-0
(2) CALL ME LUCKY - USA edition.....	" "	Dorothy Sabourin	2- 2-6
(3) CALL ME LUCKY British edition.....	" "	Michael Crampton	I2-6
(4) BING by Ted and Larry Crosby.....	" "	Keith Hyde	2- 0-0
(5) BING by Ted Crosby.....	" "	Michael Crampton	I- 0-0
(6) THE INCREDIBLE CROSBY by Barry Ulanov.	" "	Frank Murphy	I- 0-0
(7) Vol 2 THE ROAD TO BING CROSBY (I)	" "	Mr R Horlock	I- 5-0
" " (2)	" "	Colin Pu h	I-I0-0
" " (3)	" "	Michael Soper	3- 0-0

This has been a very successful auction, and as indicated in the July BING, 50% of the sum raised from the discography section of the auction was to be donated to THE CROSBY COLLECTOR magazine, via the editor RALPH HARDING, and Michael Crampton has now sent, with the compliments of the ICC, a cheque for £2-I7-6 to Ralph Harding, to honour our arrangement with C.C.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT CORNER:

Our thanks to PETER WILSON of 8I Union Street, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, England, for an excellent letter recently received, and also for data on Bing's appearances on the radio and on TV - as an idea Peter, how about doing an article on these lines for each issue of the magazine, don't forget to list dates though, as well as the programme, and if possible, the name of the D.J. - thanks also Peter for the interesting news-clippings, which always come in handy for the clubs files.

"HE MADE IT"

Dear Frank,

Glad you enjoyed your visit to see Bing at Cockermouth, and only hope you did'nt get drenched like I did - all the same it was well worth the trip even just to get a glimpse of the maestro.

Best wishes,

I5, Sept, I966

David Smith
240 Grace Street
Newcastle on Tyne 6
England.

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"BING" The Worlds leading Bing Crosby publication is now being read in the following Countries; NORWAY, SWEDEN, POLAND, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA, BRITISH ISLES, CANADA, also in HONG KONG, and CYPRUSS and ADEN.....

WITH BING AT COCKERMOUTH

(Saturday, 3rd September 1966)

By LES PHYTHIAN

The little town of Cockermouth is quite understandably renowned as the birthplace of William Wordsworth, whose "host of golden daffodils" has succeeded in implanting one of the most vivid and familiar pieces of lyric imagery in the mind's eye of countless generations of schoolchildren. No disrespect is intended to the memory of the celebrated Lakeland poet when I suggest that, for a considerable number of people, this picturesque spot in Cumberland will in future be more readily associated with Bing Crosby's 1966 exploration into the mysteries of British salmon fishing - an exercise rendered the more hazardous, for a stranger to these shores, by the vagaries of our fiendishly unpredictable climate. It is by now widely known that Bing had a particularly frustrating time during most of the week devoted to shooting this colour documentary film for American television. In spite of his making an estimated 4,000 casts per 12-hour working day (this was the subtle, painstaking art of fly fishing) it seemed the salmon just weren't in a biting mood. Bing's was no dilettante approach. He is in fact an expert angler, enjoying high international status and having considerable experience both in his native U.S.A. and Canada, but conditions in this country can baffle the most skilled of fishermen and to complicate matters further it happened that, as August gave way to September, the fast-flowing waters of the River Derwent were running unusually low - a circumstance by no means conducive to swift success in this field of endeavour. As the days went by and tension steadily mounted, members of the film's production team were beginning to show unmistakable signs of strain, even of irritation. Characteristically, the only person to remain totally unruffled and good-humoured in the face of this daunting turn of events was Bing himself (he, after all, was the one constantly before the cameras, the focal point of the whole exercise!) and his philosophical calm was presently justified when, on the Friday of that week, patient efforts were rewarded by his landing three sizable fish, one being an eight-pounder.

And it was at Cockermouth on the following evening, in the Trout Hotel where Bing and Kathryn were staying, that I finally realised a 30-odd-year-old ambition and actually met the fascinating Mr. Crosby for the first time. How did it come about? Well, as you will see from reports on earlier pages, your Editor in company with various like-minded enthusiasts had been through to see Bing, with notable success, on the previous Monday and Wednesday. Having always missed out on chances of meeting Bing in the past - on every conceivable occasion there was something to prevent my making the necessary journey at the appropriate time - I had made up my mind that nothing within reason would be allowed to deter me on this occasion if there was even the most remote possibility of a meeting taking place. The possibility was remote, believe me, when I set out by train from Liverpool to Newcastle in the late afternoon of Friday, 2nd September. For one thing, rumours were rife that Bing would be present at Birkdale (a mere 40-minute journey from Liverpool) on the Saturday to watch the final stages of the golf tournament then in full swing. Knowing Bing's keen interest in the game these rumours seemed tenable enough, but on 'phoning the Secretary of the Royal Birkdale Club I was advised that although an unannounced appearance by Bing the following day would surprise nobody greatly the Club had received no official notification of his intention to attend. The rumours nevertheless persisted - and I was haunted by the nightmare thought of Mr. C travelling down to Birkdale for the golf while I was hurtling blissfully in the opposite direction for the sole purpose of meeting him! There followed a series of frantic telephone calls 'twixt Liverpool and North Shields (the details are perhaps best left unchronicled) as a result of which - and despite the fact that even Frank Murphy could not be sure at this point whether or not Bing would still be in Cockermouth on the Saturday - I decided to take a wild chance and make the journey anyway. All doubts were dispelled in one short, reassuring sentence when Frank met me at Newcastle station that night - and in terms of sheer, unadulterated relief Mafeking had nothing on this! It turned out that earlier in the evening, whilst I was still 'en route', Frank had contacted Bing at the hotel, told him I was travelling up from Liverpool with hopes of a meeting in mind and succeeded in laying on all necessary arrangements for the morrow.

Came the day itself - and it was a highly delighted party of four that set out in bright sunshine on the 2-hour journey by road from Newcastle to Cockermouth. Frank was in